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CAVALCADE

FEBRUARY, 1955

1/-



Let's have a
WORLD TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP

— page 2

THE ISLE OF CASTAWAYS

— page 41

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CAVALCADE

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Produced by George Price, Pro.
Jed, Dan Wofford, and Harry
Price, North London, England
Directed by Harry Price
Music by George Price
Sound by Eddie Smith
Cameraman: Fred Smith
Editor: Albert G. Miller
Production: Keith
Collington; Art: Maurice Mar-
tin; Costumes: Alan Barnes;
Properties: Maxine Dugdale;
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PRODUCTION DESIGNER,
SET-UP MANAGER,
SET-UP CHIEF

Produced by the R. B. Murray
Productions Co., Ltd., London,
England. Story by ALBERT G. MILLER;
Cameraman: FRED SMITH;
Editor: ALICE SMITH;
Production: KEITH
COLLINGTON; Art: MAURICE MAR-
TIN; Costumes: ALAN BARNES;
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MUSIC: MARTIN LINDGREN,

LAW: ERIC SPARKS, SPARKS
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NEXT MONTH

The third issue features an all-new column, *Books Worth Reading*, and *PHOENIX* and *PIRATES* and that is the title. Several new art forms will be used in *Jobs Paid*, including *Tiles* in *JAZZ-JAZZ*; *JAZZ-KIDS* and *Two* columns in *James K. Flanagan*; *Love Letters* back of *Andrew Davies*, who MADE ME CREATE *LIVE*; *Business Lessons* discuss business, the latest operation news, changes generally. *NEW HOPE FOR BRAVE CHANCE* is what to look for in *John Mills*. *James Dean* has the *Modern Day Star* column. Other stories include *THE STARS*, *OUTLAW*, *A MURKIN*, *THE SOULS THAT LED TO DEATH* and *THE FAULT OF THE TALK*. *THE CROSS* *Glenn Miller* has written another story for you and all the usual Cavalcade features are present.



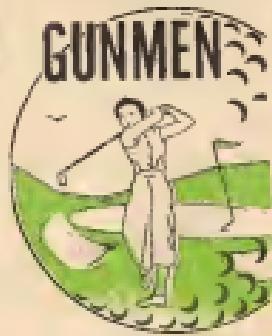
PETER HANGRAVIS

MARION MILLEY was a tall, tan, red, healthy looking girl of 24. She was happy and satisfied because she was doing the only thing she wanted to do in life and it was making her famous.

In 1941 the name of Marion Milley was known by sports fans all over the United States as that of a girl with two feet firmly planted on the road to golfing stardom. Even the conservative Bob Dickerson, the experts said, would soon be hard put to hold off the challenges of the up-and-coming Milley girl from Kentucky.

Holder of her State women's golfing crown, winner of the Western Open and a score of other tournaments, she had her eyes peering ever and her determined will-to-win set on the U.S. Open—and there were few to deny

SHE DEFIED GUNMEN



that she would soon make it. But a assassin daggered the foot-slog of Marion Milley. She was not to achieve her ambition.

Killers came in the night to rob and stayed to murder. The girl athlete, courageously trying to defend her mother, was shot to death.

At three o'clock on the morning of Sunday, September 22, 1941, Mrs. Marion Milley walked around the deserted ballroom of the Lexington County Club, Kentucky—of which she was the manageress—for the final shooting before she went upstairs to her apartment.

Then Mrs. Milley warmly clasped the stairs to her room. She had hardly closed her eyes when a crash from the long room of the apartment sent her patterning to the door.

She saw two masked men. Each had revolvers pointed at her. The noise came from a knocked-over vase.

A piercing shriek babbled from Mrs. Milley's throat. The taller of the two intruders stared and leveled his gun and shot her twice. Mrs. Milley, slipped to the floor. At the same instant, the door of Marion's room flew open. Marion raised her fists and rushed at the two robbers.

The shorter man stepped out in front of her, handbag advanced.

Marion Milley got to her feet and went in pursuit of the two fleeing bandits. In the hallway a figure tackle brought the smaller man crashing to the ground.

"Okay, baby," he said. "You've got us." He raised the pistol and exploded the trigger twice.

Some time later Mrs. Milley stirred. She staggered to her feet and stumbled out into the hall to be confronted with the body of her daughter. Kneeling beside her, Mrs. Milley felt her pulse and thought she detected a slight beat. Frantically she dragged her way downstairs and telephoned the police.

It was just after 3:30 a.m. when a police patrol car skidded up to the club entrance. Two officers dashed inside and found Mrs. Milley leaning against the stairs. One patrolman ran up to Marion Milley. The other got the mother

assisted in a chair. In a few moments the first officer returned with the news that the girl was dead.

While Mrs. Milley was rushed to hospital, Patrol Chief Will McCord and Sheriff Ernest Thompson of Lexington took charge of the investigation.

From neighbors in a flower bed, they found the open window through which the murderers had entered. Blood on a rear service door showed their path of exit.

Officials of the Country Club were summoned early in the morning to give information about servants and employees of the club. The police thought it was no loads job from the way the gunmen knew their way about the premises and where to look for what they wanted.

Meanwhile, detective and fingerprint experts had examined the Milley apartment methodically. Every piece of furniture, every door and window frame was dusted for prints, and numbers of foot impressions not belonging to either of the Milleys were found.

Doctors reported that Mrs. Milley had been shot with bullets from a .38 calibre revolver. The girl had been killed with two bullets from a .32.

The police began the tremendous task of checking everyone who had been at the country club on the Saturday night—both visitors and employees. All day the task continued as, one by one, they were eliminated. None had fingerprints matching any of those found in the apartment. All had alibis for the approximate time of the crime.

One of the employees, a green-keeper named Raymond ("Ginger") Baker, should have been

keeping on the pressure on the Saturday night at a guard and watchman for the Miley women. To the police, however, he confessed that he had left the club to spend the night in town.

Late on the Sunday afternoon the police received their first tangible lead. A boy arrived at Headquarters and stated he had an early morning paper run in the semi-rural districts out of town. He explained that he had cycled up the driveway of the country club before dawn that morning and noticed three cars parked on a rear driveway. Two, he knew, belonged to Mrs. Miley and her daughter. The other—a new 1942 Buick Sedan, "in two-tone, bluish-grey colour, with one of the doors wide open—he had never seen before.

Unfortunately, the boy had not noted the number of the car. Police, nevertheless, passed an alarm for it, by description, to the tele-type to all adjacent cities.

The next day, Monday, the investigation continued with all sports stores, and pawn shops checked for signs of robbery and ammunition. Nothing was found, and nothing further was heard of the mysterious Buick.

Tuesday brought a new development. An unemployed tradesman reported that about a month before, an acquaintance named Tom Penney had tried to interest him in a plot to hold up the country club.

The police investigated and found that Penney was an ex-con with a record of armed robbery and car stealing. Although his fingerprints did not match any found at the scene of the crime, an order was issued for his arrest. He had not been seen in Lexington during the last fortnight.

On Wednesday, October 1, Marion Miley was buried. At the same time, officials of the country club offered \$2000 dollars reward for her killer. Then her mother took a turn for the worse and also died.

Meanwhile from Louisville came a report on the supposed killer's car. A night club proprietor had reported the theft of a car of identical description on September 28.

Detectives rushed there and questioned the owner of the car, 28-year-old dapper and friendly Bobby Anderson. He stated that he left his car outside his club on the Saturday night, and it was not there on the Sunday morning.

Initial inquiries began in Lexington and surrounding district. At last, at a small country cabaret, detectives found a barman who remembered seeing two men—six feet tall and one half-inch in a two-tone bluish-grey Buick on September 28. They stayed for a couple of hours, drinking. Shown a picture of the suspected Tom Penney, the witness said he was one of the men—the shorter one.

The newspapers published the new developments and another person arrived with more information about the suspected car. It was stated that on the Saturday night he had gone with a bunch of friends to a residence. While there, at about 10:30, a ten-ton blue-grey Buick drove up. A friend of his went out and spoke to the occupants. The friend's name was Skeeter Baxter.

The police recalled Baxter as the greengrocer who should have been on guard at the country club but had gone. Apparently he had

done some Saturday night partaking before he got home. There was nothing suspicious in that—but his rendezvous with the two mystery men in the stolen car was a different matter. A police "shadow" was put on to Baxter in the hope he would lead them to the culprit.

However, the case finally "broke" from a different direction. On October 4, a parked car in Fort Worth, Texas, spotted the running Buick. Under protest the man in it was taken to police headquarters. There he finally admitted he was the elusive Tom Penney.

Taken back to Lexington he reluctantly denied he knew anything of the murder of the Miley woman. He was confronted with the auto-work tradesman to whom he suggested the hold-up of the country club. Down the back seat of the car he was driving was found a .38 bullet of the same type as those that killed Marion Miley.

Tom Penney agreed to make a statement. In it he revealed that his accomplices were Robert Anderson—the night club owner who had reported his car stolen—and the greengrocer, Skeeter Baxter. Anderson had been an active partner and the real "brains" of the crime. He had shot Mrs. Miley, Penney had fought with and killed the daughter. Baxter had been the inside man, sometimes called the "finger-man". He had drawn plans of the interior of the club and the Miley apartment, told them the best time for a robbery and revealed the location of Mrs. Miley's cashbox.

He did not know that actually she concealed the night's takings downstairs and the haul was to be a mere 140 dollars.

Robert Anderson was arrested but denied Penney's charges. Apparently he had sought to divert suspicion from himself by reporting his own car stolen. Actually, as Penney bitterly complained, he had "clucked it" for the police to capture both of them.

Despite Anderson's denial, he was charged with murder along with both Penney and Skeeter Baxter. Police checked claims by Penney that Anderson had sent him money while he was "on the lam", and proved it was so by Western Union records. They also traced the gun used in the killing of Mrs. Miley and proved it had been purchased by Anderson.

On December 12, 1942, the three conspirators were all found guilty of murder. A few weeks later they paid the penalty in the electric chair.



She and her daughter were condemned to 140 dollars.

Let's have a WORLD CHAMPION

Why doesn't the International Lawn Tennis Association find an official world champion? Here is how it can be done!

PAUL MILAS

THE TIME has come for the International Lawn Tennis Association to organize a tournament to find an official world tennis singles champion. By their lack of foresight the present situation regarding the best tennis players is ludicrous by their lack of foresight they are also losing a golden opportunity to earn big money for the Association. Let's have an official world tennis champion NOW!

It always has been the thing to accept the winner of Wimbledon as world champion. Always Wimbledon has been regarded as the official world tennis championship. But last year's winner was Jernville Doubleday, followed Coach, now playing for Egypt. Few, outside Doubleday himself—and maybe even to his doubts—regard the popular role as the world's best. Indeed, ask an American who is the best singles player in the amateur ranks and he will tell you Tony Trabert—and he will have the backing of American ten-



nis magazines. Ask an Australian the same question and he will say Lewes Head—or maybe he will stick to Ken Rosewall. He, also, will have backing from sports magazine—Australian, this time.

The solution is an official world title tournament. Maybe that was

not necessary in the respective days of Bill Tilden, Henry Cochet, Ellsworth Vines, Fred Perry, Don Budge and Jack Kramer, because each was the outstanding player of his day and each proved it conclusively, not only at Wimbledon, but in every major tournament. Not so-day, when the power game is the accepted method of playing, when the service is all-important, there are many players of equal ability.

We see Head winning over Trabert; we see Trabert winning over Head; we see Vic Seixas beating each of both, sometimes, and we see Seixas going down to Head, Trabert, Rosewall and others. Similarly, in the American championships, we saw Hans Riedmann and Max Hartwig score upsets by beating the champions. And we saw Seixas make a clean sweep of the titles.

The method of play is one reason such things are happening. No longer do we see long rallies, where brains beats brawn. But another reason is that players sometimes lose tournaments in order to save themselves for other, and more important, tournaments. Perhaps they are saving themselves for the Davis Cup. Because tennis experts these days play for eleven months of the year. It is not just a game any more—it is big business—and players cannot be at their top all the year. So they don't care about many of the tournaments for which they are entered.

Wimbledon does not decide the best player. Last year's result proved that. The Australian, the French and the American titles, which make up the four major tournaments of the world, do not decide the outstanding player, either. Doubleday won the 1934

Wimbledon singles when he beat Ken Rosewall in the final. Marvyn Rose won the Australian singles when he beat Ken Harboig. Vic Seixas won the American titles by beating Hartwig in the final. Yet all the champions were in each tournament. How could these results give us a world champion?

The answer is in a tournament, to be held each year between the twelve outstanding players. These players would not be needed as at present, but would be selected by their performances throughout the previous twelve months. And that selection would not be made on opinions, as are the seedings at the moment, but on a point score basis.

The method would be to allot points for performances in all international tennis tournaments. The four major tournaments, Wimbledon, the Australian, the American and the French, would net more points than the minor international tournaments. The Davis Cup would not be included, as the players are playing for their respective countries, and not as individuals.

A suggested points score would be ten points to be allotted to each player who enters the final of the major tournaments, with an added bonus score of five points for the winners of each. For entering the semi-finals, each player to earn five points, with three points for entering a quarter final.

In the minor tournaments, providing internationals compete, five points to be allotted to each player entering a final, plus a bonus for the winner, of three points. Semifinalists to score three points and quarterfinalists to get two points. In the event of a seeded player being defeated by an unseeded player, to be deducted ten points

This would ensure every player does his best at all times.

At the end of the year, the points would be tallied and the first twelve players would be notified by the International Lawn Tennis Association. Should any player decline to take part in the tournament, then the next in line would take his place.

Now for the official tournament for the world title. Each of the twelve players would be required to play each of the others, so that, in the space of a fortnight, each player would play eleven matches. A chart would be drawn up and a world champion would be appointed. He would naturally be the man who scores the most points. In the event of a tie, then the player who loses the least amount of games in the whole tournament is the winner.

The final point is important. Perhaps it could be much more so by offering a bonus of one point to each winner in straight sets. That would be an added incentive. It makes that each player would be at his best in every game. At present tennis is the only sport where a player can commit a mistake during a game by breaking. If a man makes a mistake, he could lose by knockout; in fact, one mistake could cost the player the game. But in tennis it is different. He can pick up his lapses during the game, or the next game in the series or the next set in the match.

A bonus for three straight-set wins, would eliminate careless mistakes; it would also eliminate what we often see—a player intentionally losing a set in order to preserve himself for the final set. Every player would strive to win each point.

Various questions arise at this

point. When would the world championship be held? Where would it be held? How long would the champion be recognized as such? How often would he defend his title?

Taking these questions in order, the best time would be as soon after the end of the year as possible. The Davis Cup is held late in December; the Australian championships are held in January. Therefore, February would be the ideal month—in the summer vacation. They should be held each year, once, alternating countries at each tournament. Australia one year, England the next, U.S.A. the next, and so on.

The champion would be regarded as champion for twelve months, when the next tournament would be held. It is up to him, during the twelve months he is champion, to do his best in every tournament. If he does not do his best, then he will lose points and he could find himself a spectator the next year, when the world titles come around.

One of the great advantages of holding a world tennis tournament is that young players would be given more encouragement. At present, the method of seeding assures that the better players reach the quarters, semis and finals, thus ensuring bigger audiences with their resultant larger gate receipts. The system is unfair to the unseeded players. These seedlings are drawn up by the local body conducting the tournament in hand and they base their seedings on what they consider the outstanding performances of the year. Failing a points score for the winning of tournaments, such as is suggested in this article, the officials have no definite guide.

For example, in last year's

Wimbledon, the seedings were 1, Tony Trabert, 2, Lewis Hoad, 3, Ken Rosewall, 4, Vic Seixas, 5, Mervyn Rose, 6, Art Larsen, 7, Dodge Perry, 8, Ray Hartwell, 9, Evans Devadoss, 10, Kurt Nielsen, 11, Jernihove Drabek, 12, Gardner Minshew. How far out in the round Drabek was, Rosewall was in the final. Nielsen was number ten seedling because of one performance—he won in the 1953 final. The reason for him being in that final was not considered; he got there because of the draw and because of injuries to various players. By being seeded last year, it meant that he was not forced to play against the other seeded players early in the tournament, as were unseeded players.

If a points score were adopted for women, Indian, Australians and quarter-finalists in each tournament, then the officials at Wimbledon and other countries would then have a definite guide for their seedings. At present, not only is there no guide, but there is no set rule governing seedings. For example, America sends players in two groups—American and foreign. Australia does the same. Why the discrimination? After all, the championships are not decided in two groups; the players are all in the one group on the courts.

There is another big aspect in favor of a world championship tournament, and this should interest the Lawn Tennis Association; that is the money that could be made. Take a tournament under present conditions; it is the centre court stand which has the most spectators; it is the better players who command the crowd. But, in a championship tournament, held under the conditions I suggest, each court would be used by a

SECOND SIGHT

After a few years of married life
A man need not sit
In order to look right
through his wife,
Without seeing her.
A woman is different—she
can
(Through her eyes he
sits)
See right through her own
Without looking at him.
—RAY-ME.

champion or near champion. Therefore each court stand would be packed.

The points system would create added interest in this respect: say the last day of the tournament is at hand and there are seven or four players who could win the tournament at that late stage. Maybe one player would have to win ten matches in straight sets in order to be champion. If he fails to do so, another player will pip him on the post. Think of the interest inherent in that situation.

Of course, such a tournament would be a strenuous one for the players, but the ultimate winner would be world champion and that would be good for tennis as well as giving the player a proud moment—greater even than any moment he may ever feel. After all, we love world champions in tennis, why isn't we have world champions in tennis? What about International Lawn Tennis Association?

Crooked and crooky, Detective Herb Stoen had sufficiently freed his pockets with bribe, in the dimpled hope of softening him —



BADGE of HONOUR

HARRY WHITTINGTON

DIRECTOR Detective Sergeant Herb Stoen tapped on the manager's door in the rear of the Ace Jack Club. Al Costello said, "Come in, Herb."

Al was a worthy man in his middle forties. He looked very merciful. He also looked and Herb said, "You wanted to see me, Al?"

Al nodded. "Yeah, Herb, kid." "What did you want to see me about, Al?"

"I hear you've been snipping into the death of my wife Sally."

"That's right."

"Got much to go on?"

"Not much. A button. That's all."

Herb pulled his right hand from his coat pocket. He extended it flat, turned upward. His fingers had been clasped around a large button.

"Herb Stoen, small town boy makes good as cop. Plain clothes and a plain pocket. You been putting a lot of money in your pocket since you got out of a uniform. How much, Herb?"

Herb's mouth twisted. "Not enough," he said.

"When you came here from Circleville, you were a raw kid and broke. You've been a smart boy, Herb. I hope you're keep-

ing right on being smart, Herb."

"What does that mean?"

"The department says my wife committed suicide. The coroner says that. Tell you what I let up. Maybe she didn't commit suicide. I had the honor of being Sally's fourth and last husband and right she ran through a lot of men, Herb. You know that?"

Herb nodded. "She liked nice things, all right. Clothes. Diamonds. Perfume."

"No chiselier in this town had a harder heart or a stouter face than my wife Sally, Herb. It broke my heart when her cold friend her dead in our apartment. But she is dead, Herb. Why don't you drop the case?"

"They told me to stay on the case."

Al shook his head. "That's not the way I hear it. I hear you asked to stay on the case. Working on it after hours. What's in it for you, Herb? Another shake-down? Is that it? You think maybe a pay with plenty of money threatened Sally? You're going to blackmail her, set yourself up in the big leagues on blackmail money?"

Herb smiled and shrugged. He got up and walked across the room, pulled open a closet door.

"Stay there!" Al snapped. "What do you want?"

There were four suits on hangers in the closet. Herb took the button out of his pocket. He touched it to the front of each coat.

He was sweating. By the time he'd reached the fourth coat, Al was standing behind him. There was a black, 38 automatic in Al's hand.

"A button's missing, Al," Herb said.

"That's the way it is, Herb."

"Your own wife?"

Al backed away.

"You know why. She had her faults but she told me she loved me and never did I could have stood all the rest. But it was that lie that drove me insane."

Herb nodded. He was silent.

"I'm a big name in this town, Herb. I got a reputation as a smart character. So now a country girl makes a sucker out of me, like I was a hawk snatching the show for the first time. Everything she said to me was a lie. She makes me believe she loves me. Me. Big Al Costello."

Herb reached into his pocket. "And then she's been sniping at me. All the time spending my money. Running around. Well, she started drinking too much. Talking too much. I knew what was going to happen. She'd laugh and tell everybody the bar joke. She'd tell them how she'd smothered Al Costello."

For a while, Costello said nothing, but then blurted:

"I made up my mind. Should take her out pose Barker. Derives pleasure in robbery, drink and dope. She had laughed at me for the last time. I killed her. With her own pillow off the sofa. The poison was just whatever dressing — to make it look like suicide. She must have pulled the button off my coat. I didn't notice."

Herb shrugged. "Looks like that button is going to fry you, Al," he said.

Al's face was white. "No, I asked you here for a reason — for two reasons. I didn't know you had the button when I asked you here. That ups the odds on your side. Not only slightly. That button can make you a lot of money."

"Yeah?"

"Well it back to me. What's the price, Herb?"

"You couldn't pay it."

"Maybe I could. Maybe I could even shake with you on it. You see, Herb, you're in a kind of spot, too. You're an ambitious guy. Come from the sticks to make his fortune. A crooked cop. A bribe taker. A shakedown artist. What if the department found out all about you, Herb?"

"I'd be finished, all right."

"Sure you would. But I got press you been taking bribes, Herb. Sorry, I had to get at Self-protection. Now I'm thankful I got

it. Because part of the price I pay for that bullet in your hand is going to be silence about your shakedown racket. If you'd been an honest cop, you could have taken me for anything in the world. But as it is, you're going to have to name a reasonable figure. But first, there's the other reason I asked you here.

"We're going to pay a little visit. Herb. My wife's mind was in the apartment. She saw me kill Sally. She wants a hundred grand for her silence."

Herb's smile was cold. "Looks like you're in a bad spot."



"Sorry to see you go, Cleggill. You may not be the best sales manager I ever had—but you're certainly the worst!"

"Oh, no. Because you're going to help me," Al said.

"Why?"

"Because I'm only going to pay one of you. You're crooked, but you're smart. You're my choice. But just so you don't get any ideas, hand me the gun out of your shoulder holster. Carefully."

Herb handed over the gun. Al took it.

Alice's apartment was in the new north side. Alie Gray let them in. They stopped outside. Al closed the door. His smile was cool. "You're not going to pay me Alice," he said. "You see, I found you been robbing my wife—"

"That's a lie."

Al shrugged.

"What's going to say not? Not you. I'll have to tell the police that I brought this police officer down to arrest you. But you resisted, and in the struggle, I had to shoot you."

Alie's hysterical face restarted. "Always when you think I was ready for some kind of trick like that?"

From under her lounging robe, she pulled a small, black automatic. Without speaking again, she fired.

She was wild. The gun popped in the room and missed Al's big body. Desperately, he drew out his gun and fired. She toppled to the rug dead.

He smiled. The whole thing was a success now. It worked perfect! She even pulled a gun on me. Self-defense. It was self-defense. You saw it. Call the cops, Herb." Al laughed. "I mean the other cops."

Herb nodded. He went to the phone. He pattered quietly about the small apartment as the silent screamed closer outside. Then the

door opened and police began to spill into the room.

Inspector Mystery said, "How did it happen, Herb?"

Herb knelt beside the dead maid. The gun was at her side. He picked it up, shoved his coat back and pushed the gun into his empty shoulder holster.

He heard Al catch his breath.

"This man shot her," Herb said. "It was unprovoked. I came here with him. This woman saw Corolla murder her wife. He killed her to keep from paying her blackmail."

"Why were you here with him, Sloan?"

"Oh, I'm not innocent. He threatened to expose me to the department if I didn't help him. I've been taking bribes—"

"You?"

"Sure." Herb's mouth twisted. His voice broke. "I came here to get money. Ever since my baby died back in Craville, I've had only one hope to get my wife back."

"After our baby died, she went wild. She left me. We had no money, see, for doctors that could have saved our baby."

"She came here. I followed to try to get her back. Only way I knew was to get a lot of money—enough to buy her back. Maybe in time I could get her well, show her she was wrong. I took bribes, anything to get that money."

"Corolla tried to bribe me today. He said I had to help him. But what he didn't know was that my reason for taking bribes was gone. He himself had killed it. I didn't need money any more. Not since Corolla killed Herb. But, Corolla had the honour of being Sally's fourth husband—but I was her first."

Crime Capsules

54

MIKADO

Gilbert and Sullivan would likely have met Judge Karl Hohenschadt, of Darmstadt, Germany. He makes the punishment fit the crime. Known as the Solomon of Darmstadt, the Judge likes to talk with defendants before entering court and usually finds that people charged with criminal offenses often are decent in themselves but have had little chance in life. Last year he heard a case of a youth who was convicted of stabbing a motor biker and racing madly down the street at it. The Judge did not send him to prison instead, he told him, "You will never see the benefits of justice by drowning through a life of resistance." He sentenced the youth to 18 months' membership in the local hiking club.

SAFE KEEPING

Hassan Aissa, treasurer of the Al-Azhar University, Alexandria, Egypt, received two anonymous letters informing him that unless he kept his money at a safe it would be stolen. So he placed the money he had—some 17,000 pounds—in a safe. The next night the money, and the safe, disappeared.

COOL FURNITURE

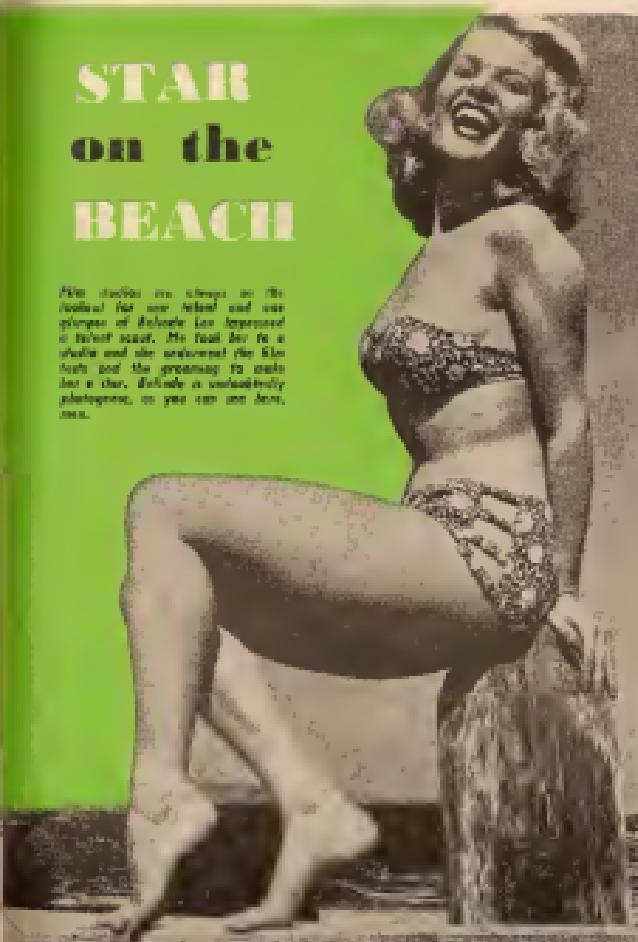
In New Orleans, U.S.A., Mr. and Mrs. Darwood Helm returned home one night and found a stranger inside. As soon as he saw them, he smiled and offered them a box of chocolates. "I was asked by friends to surprise you with this box of chocolates," he said, by way of explanation. The Helms assured him he had made a mistake, so the stranger searched through the phone book in search of "Helen". He apologized for his "mistake" and left. Next morning Mrs. Helm discovered that her diamond bracelet was missing.

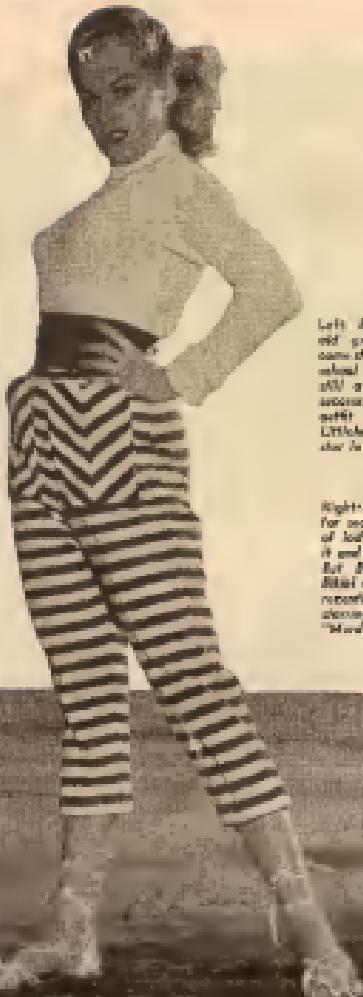
DEAD MONEY

In Sydney Mines, Nova Scotia, a black horse moved slowly down the main street and passers-by respectfully removed their hats and came to a standstill, while cars pulled into the side of the road to let the horse pass. Inside the horse, bandits were busily engaged in peeling open a stolen safe containing 10,000 dollars in bonds. Police later found the broken, empty safe in the abandoned horse.

STAR on the BEACH

Her studio was always on the lookout for new talent and one photograph of Dolores Lee impressed a talent agent. His deal for her is a studio and she receives the film parts and the opportunity to make her a star. Dolores is exclusively photographed, as you can see here, men.





Left: Linda is a 13-year-old girl from Bronx who won a scholarship of dramatic school to film, and she is still a little short of her income. She posed in the park on the beach at Littlehampton, Sussex — a day in October.

Right: There are lots of very expensive. It is a power of leather some people and it and children play with it. But Linda has made a living out of it. Linda has recently completed her first shooting role in the film, "Murder By Proxy."





"I know that fellow who's taking you out tonight. Think I'd better sharpen one on each hand!"

STUART SEBASTIAN



Bring on the Dancing Girls

The word indicates to set the ghouls, the
dancers, not artistic, dance of the Middle East.

I WAS in Rabat, neutral capital of the French zone of Morocco, when I heard about the ghoul. For nearly a month I had been investigating the involved and highly dubious monetary affairs of Morocco for an English newspaper and shortly I had another month's work ahead of me.

The thought was appalling because film lands were plentiful. The denizens of Morocco, skilled in deception, were willing to send me anywhere so long as I kept out of their way in Marrakech I

were threatened with a particularly unpleasant fate if I persisted in my inquiries. But on the whole, the denizens of Morocco—most of whom live in the neutral zone of Tangier—couldn't care less about investigations.

With the local police bought off and squads of their own muscle boys they were as secure as the Bank of England, and with no board of directors to account to.

It was during a mood of frustration at this whole situation that I met a fellow journalist, who

and he had an invitation to the ghedra and could take a friend.

"The ghedra?" I said. "What is it? A cafe?"

"It's a dance," my friend said. "And I don't really want to take you at all, but the Sultan's palace will be full of Frenchmen and Spaniards and I want some moral support."

So I said I'd go. Later that day I declined a week-end on the Mediterranean, an invitation from an English businessman in Tangier. When I explained that I was to see the ghedra he looked surprised. "Hag!" he said. "You really know people! I've been in this dung ten years and haven't wrangled an invitation yet."

"What's so wonderful about it?" I said.

My friend put his hand paternally on my shoulder. "My boy," he said, "the ghedra is the most magnificent spectacle to be seen in the whole of the Middle East!"

Whence was saying something!

We presented ourselves at the Sultan of Morocco's 300-room bungalow at 1:30 in the afternoon.

I had never been in a sultanic palace before and the place left me breathless. It was a glittering mass of gold and silver and luxury. I thought I had lost my feet until I found them ankle-deep in carpet.

The Sultan told us casually he had 1500 servants in the palace and that the whole place was worth about \$10,000,000 at current prices. I could believe it.

We were conducted to a garden covering more than three acres. Complete with fountains, palms, pools and shady arches it was like something dreamt up by Cecil B de Mille, only authentic. And all in glorious technicolour.

I expected a crowd of visitors, but besides my friend and me, there were only six other Europeans present, besides about a dozen sheiks and sub-sheiks. Four of the Europeans had their wives with them.

Having been forewarned by my companion, I had not eaten lunch. It was just as well, as I could never have managed the 41 courses brought on by the Sultan's cooking corps. We sat cross-legged on carpets and ate dishes I thought existed only in the dreams of gourmet society members.

There was much speculation among the Europeans about the ghedra; none had seen it before but one of the ladies said with a titter that she thought it was all rather shocking.

"Ahh!" said the Frenchwoman. "C'est magnifique!"

Dinner lasted four hours, after which the ghedra began. The dancers were all women—the most celebrated women in the world. Even in the heat, dark blue robes they wore one could see that they had perfect figures.

It was now approaching dusk and the dancing girls flitted like so many butterflies. I counted about 30 of them. They appeared to be in their early twenties.

"Hag!" said my friend. "They're going to sit down!"

"The girls sat gracefully on enormous cushions while the Sultan's musicians trooped in. It was an all-male band. They were great men, anyway, and their music was delightful. Later, when they showed no objection whatever during the dance I concluded that the Sultan had them well trained.

The music, bewailing, half-end, half-groan—was most music of the

Middle East—in kept up for a long time while the dancers sat daintily on their cushions. My companion, on his cushion, kept idly rattling restlessly, and I noticed the others were getting anxious, too. I tensed, cringing the Sultan's eye, that he intended it that way. He was whistling our appetites.

Then it began. At 11:45 a single dancing girl left her cushion and stepped to the centre of the palm-surrounded square. First she bowed low to the Sultan, then kneeling on the ground, her whole body began to move—to work would be a better description—in time with the music. Her head, shoulders, arms, hands, fingers—her entire being became a rhythmic symphony of grace.

The astonishing thing was that the dance was done on the knees on the one spot; this alone makes it unique.

There was real artistry in it. A whole tribe of Berbers could have swayed the palace walls and behaved to where we sat, we were so impressed by the dance.

Even the Sultan, who must have seen the ghedra a thousand times, was leaning forward, lips slightly open, intensely interested. It was a compliment to the ghedra dancers.

One by one, the girls took over the dance. At first each kept on the big cloth, but after a few minutes she would throw this back and an older woman—apparently the dancing matron—would take off the cloth and put it down at the rear. The girls wore tiny, silken dresses, pure white against their olive skin.

By now they were dancing in groups of six and their movements were faster, almost wild and

THE COST OF LIVING HIGH

One thing which causes inflation—
In these days of rising prices—

is the alteration of money
And the habits cash creates—
Some there are who make
a living—

An exchange of perfumed bonds—
And with their change help
keep a shape—
By going for perfumed blouses!

—AH-EM.

twistic at times. The music was louder, too, and though the evening was hot, no trace of perspiration showed on dancers or spectators.

The Sultan was a strategist. About 1:15 several ladies of his harem approached the white women and whispered to them something. I don't know what was said, but it drew the women to their feet at once and they followed the harem women out of the garden. I doubt if their husbands saw them go.

Their departure was a signal. The dancing girls unbuttoned their dresses, exposing breasts and torso. Their bodies were sheer perfection and later I heard that the sultan spent much time selecting the most beautiful girls for his ghedra troupe. They are granted many special privileges and many compete for the honour of being chosen.

The entire troupe was now dancing and although the movements

were extremely fast and complicated, and one of them was out of time.

At one time I spoke to my friend four times before he heard me and even then he told me sharply to shut up. "As long as you live you'll never see anything like this," he said.

By three o'clock guests and dances were intermingling and I was almost down before the dancing matron rounded up her troops and herded them out of the garden.

The French colonel was asking when he could come again and some Spanish official mentioned something about if only his wife could learn the gitarra. The Sultan was smiling as if well pleased and the sharks and cut-throats

were trying to look as if they had not been shat out of their seats.

A grand dinner offered to show us to our rooms, but we were told to leave the fragrant garden where the perfume of the flowers still lingered. With the Sultan's express permission we went to sleep as a heap of feathers under a palm tree.

After all that, I never could get interested in my French investigation again. I have a standing invitation to call at the palace any time I am in Rabat, but since the Sultan has gone to Paris I expect I shall never have the pleasure again.

I only hope to meet, sometime, the fifth gitarra dancer from the right.



"There's something strange about the way they're carrying that glass!"

PLAYBOY OF THE SKIES

JAMES MOLLISSON



Flying and adventure were in Jimmy Mollison's blood. He was one of the pioneers of long-distance flight

JIMMY MOLLISON is one of the last of a now almost legendary band of heroes. In the 30's and early 40's they risked life and limb to cross records and pass over in flimsy, doubtful planes the seas over which passengers now lumber laboriously in great air liners.

Soldier's Jimmie Mollison has signed his place of honour on a pedestal beside our own record-breakers. In a plane Mollison was as skillful, efficient, clear-headed

and perpendicular as any pilot. An fun-loving man about town, he had no peer.

"I am a night bird," he once said. "Life and enjoyment begin when daylight fades. Cocktail bars and clubs, music, beautiful women—that's living. Daylight comes to me as an interval for sleeping until an afternoon drink helps to bring an another crossing."

Still under 60, Mollison has lived in virtual retirement since the war, in which he won an OBE

for his valuable work as a ferry pilot.

Born in 1903, Jimmy Mollison was a subscriber when the world was electrified by the aviation feats of the pilots over the Western Front in World War I. The German ace, Richthofen, became his hero.

At 18 he informed his parents he had in mind set on joining the R.A.F. Accordingly, on July 11, 1922, James Mollison arrived at the R.A.F. Flying Training School at Duxford near Cambridge.

Mollison, like his wings, Then, destined to be pasted over him, he chose bombers instead of fighters and was shortly off to India, laid to and active terrorist in Washington.

After posting in various squadrons, towards the end of 1924, Pilot Officer Mollison was sent off to join a punitive war against the Mahakals—a warlike hill tribe of Waziristan—who had savaged British authority by their persistent habit of kidnapping whites and holding them to ransom.

The campaign that followed constitutes an historic page in the history of warfare. It was the first war that was won solely by the use of firepower. The bombers and two months were all it took to subjugate the Mahakals. For some time, however, it seemed that the wily tribesmen were going to baffle their enemies from the air.

They had spent period round the airdromes from which the bombers operated. As soon as the planes set off on a mission, by means of signals and beacon on hills, warning was flashed to every Hindu village. The natives took refuge in impenetrable caves in the surrounding hills. All the bombers did was to destroy their mud huts in the villages, and they could be

rebuilt in a couple of hours.

One day some of them stopped out from cover and brought down a bomber with rifle fire. The two airmen were hauled out of the wrecks and held for ransom.

The R.A.F. were forced to change their tactics. For the next few weeks the bombers ignored the villages, but methodically destroyed the crops around them with incendiaries, and machine-gunned their cattle. The Mahakals faced starvation and surrendered.

Jimmy Mollison went on to become, at 21, the youngest test pilot in the R.A.F. When he returned to England for a period as a flying instructor. In 1929, after five years' service, he left the R.A.F. With his accumulated pay, Mollison went off on a European tour, hopped a boat to Mauritius and ended up in Tahiti, where he languished for three months before he moved on and landed in Sydney, broken.

An instructor's job in Adelaide followed for the next year. Then Jimmy Mollison was off again to Queensland as pilot for a mail service.

Before long he left to accept an offer by Charles Kingsford Smith to be Senior Pilot for the recently formed Australian National Airways.

But the record-breaking had now taken possession of Jimmy Mollison. He approached the Australian representatives of Lord Wakefield, the big oil magnate. They were finally persuaded to make available to him a plane for an attempt on the Australia-England air record. It was then held by G. W. A. Scott, with the time of 16 days, 22 hours.

Mollison's plane was a specially-

built Moth with a top speed of 130 mph. and the exceptional long range of about 2000 miles. He duly departed from Moulton on June, 1931, for Wyndham, where the flight, for purposes of the record, was due to start.

He made Beaufort's Western and decided his maps for the journey to Wyndham were inadequate. Instead he made for Darwin, crossing the then virtually unchartered Northern Territory, which promised death by starvation and thirst to the flyer forced down in it.

But Mollison's engine did not fail him. He made Darwin safely and prepared to continue the same night across the Timor Sea towards Balikpapan, about 1300 miles.

The heavy load of petrol on board, 110 gallons, impeded the plane's take-off. Mollison cracked on the rudder, causing uncontrollable yawing but completely wrecking the plane.

To the young pilot embarked on his first major test, the mishap was disastrous. Jimmy Mollison still remembers the humiliation he felt as he returned to Sydney to explain to the Wakefield officials.

But his skill as a pilot was unquestioned and from England came instructions that Mollison was to be given another chance. In the incredible time of three weeks a new plane had been built and he was ready to set off again.

This time Mollison made Wyndham on the morning of July 26, 1931. The day was spent checking plane and engine. Again his petrol tanks were overloaded, but he was relying on a longer runway to save him from the Darwin fiasco. Again the Moth was destined to leave the ground and Mollison's hands were shaking on the controls. But at last the hangars opened and he was quickly

airborne. Jimmy recited a prayer.

He followed the Australian coast to Cape Londonderry and then struck across the Timor Sea, relying only on instruments. His goal was the small island of Roti, 400 miles away in the Dutch East Indies.

All through the blackness of the night, Mollison's Tiger Moth sped over the water at 130 miles an hour. At 8 a.m. he passed over Roti, right on schedule. Encouraged after the hours of desperate loneliness he winged on to Labuan, Bali and finally Java, landing at Sourabaya (130 miles from Wyndham) to refuel at 1:30 in the afternoon.

After 20 minutes, Mollison was off again, trying to make Belawan for his final night's stop. The sun had set, however, when he reached there and the tropic night had descended. There were no lights to indicate the aerodrome. The were from Sourabaya announcing



Amy Johnson, record breaker on her way right, married Mollison.

his arrival had not arrived. But his petrol was almost exhausted and he had to land somewhere quickly. He remembered seeing about ten miles from Belavia a native village with it by fire and containing a flat stretch of ground for a possible landing.

Mollison returned there and landed, slightly damaging one wing. A Dutch official appeared among the horde of natives who immediately surrounded him.

The official sent word to the

servicemen at Belavia to expect Mollison. Two hundred natives were then set to clearing a runway. Cars were rushed from Belavia to take headstart for lubrication. In about an hour Mollison was able to take off again and he soon set down safely at Belavia.

Mollison recalled, had the wing repaired and was on his way again at midnight. His first day had left him with about 1,200 miles of his journey accomplished.

Singapore was the next stop but a sudden monsoonal squall blew

Mollison right off course. He had to land on an island beach to find his direction. A Dutch official put him right. He made Singapore, stopped long enough to fill his tanks and grab some coffee and set off again for Alor Star to Kadab.

The pilot's main worry now was to fight off the overwhelming tendencies of sleep. Time and time again he felt his head drop and had to train the controls to pull the machine out of a sudden nose dive.

He landed at Alor Star just before midnight, at the end of two complete days' journey and about 1,000 miles from Wyndham. Two hours later, after a short sleep, two showers and more coffee, he left for Burma.

Continuous monsoon storms made progress a nightmare but Mollison with his Moth never missing an engine beat, inexorably ate up the miles.

Burma was left behind. India came up. Landings were made at Calcutta, Allahabad and Karachi. Only minutes of sleep were snatched at each of the dissipative but extremely hot-air-fields. Mollison pressed on tenaciously to his goal. Home in Iraq was not baited. Delays arguing with officials at stops in the Middle East ate into the time scheduled for sleep. A dust storm over the Syrian Desert forced Mollison to a higher altitude. When it started he could not find his landmarks and was lost.

He landed at an oasis, produced a map and spent half an hour trying to get directions to Aleppo in poor language. He reached Aleppo late on the seventh night of his flight.

Across the Aegean Sea to Greece Mollison sped. He was within sight of a new record. Italy was far behind. France loomed up and he dropped down on Turin. He had

not slept since he caught a couple of hours at Aleppo, but he would not stop for the now with England the next stop.

Across the English Channel the Moth raced, its engine still singing sweetly. The sun could hardly be said of the pilot. He had the coast of England at Dover Bay and realized he could proceed as far as that, not even the few miles to Croydon airport. Tearing a crash, he put the plane down on the strand of the beach — scarcely eight days, 14 hours and 20 minutes after leaving Australia, and well below the previous record.

Residents trooped out and Jimmy Mollison was put to bed for two hours. Then he proceeded to Croydon to the official reception — and home. He moved into a suite of rooms provided free by the management of a renowned London hotel. He accepted a cheque for £1,000 from an Australian benefactor who sends a boxful of such gifts and had already cashed a similar one to Don Bradman. He also pocketed the other cheques which came fluttering in his pockets for advertising endorsements, personal appearances and so on.

But having adopted the career of record-breaker Jimmy Mollison could not rest on his laurels. He wings off to attempt the England to the Cape record. Mollison did appreciate the record, but not that route. A forced landing in the Sudan caused the abandonment of his first attempt.

The plane was repaired and he set off for home, but was arrested for a prohibited landing in Turkey because and suspended explosives. After a week's reading he was bundled out of the country — but rescued his plane.

Delays enroute was necessary between Turkish and British

"Do you never let the receiver mind?"



Amy Johnson

officials before he was allowed to return and fly his plane out. Further delays kept him in England until March 21, 1932, before he departed for his second crack at the Cape. This time he made it and took the record with a figure of four days 17 hours.

When Mollison returned to England, he took time out in July to marry the toward girl friend, Amy Johnson. They had met in Australia when her wife was flight from England and again in South Africa, where she had come for an ocean crossing.

The honeymoon was short, for Jimmy Mollison had a new flight on the stocks. On August 15, 1932, he left Dublin in a De Havilland Moth to fly the Atlantic to America. When he landed safely in New Brunswick, he had grabbed another record for himself, breaking Kingbird's figure for the westerly crossing and becoming the first man to fly the Atlantic solo in that direction.

Mollison then set back and west through the same country Amy Johnson had known while he was over the Atlantic. He was off on a dash to the Cape. She made it — and broke his record by more than ten hours.

The "friendly rivalry" of husband and wife, as the newspapers called it, was beginning. Before long, however, it created feelings that could not be described as friendly. To some parties' words, Jimmy was still steadily pursuing his ideal of eight hrs. To Amy, the conservative daughter of a London fish dealer, this did not appeal.

Even their flying operations together did not work out. In 1933 they flew an airplane over the Atlantic from England to the U.S.A., but they crashed at Bridgeport, Connecticut, U.S.A., and扁umbed

the venture in an ambulance.

The same pair dogged down in the London-Melbourne Centenary Air-race in 1934. They piloted a Comet, a similar plane to that of Scott and Black who won the race.

To India the Mollisons beat all existing records. They were at Karachi in less than 12 hours, well out in front of the other competitors. Taking all strain, their trusty side-carriage was damaged and they had to withdraw from the race.

It was a disastrous finish after such an auspicious start and the pair returned home disgruntled. In such an atmosphere their marriage failed completely and they went their separate ways. In 1935 Amy Johnson realized a dream.

In World War II both Jimmy Mollison and his former wife became flying pilots in the Air Transport Auxiliary. By 1941 strong pressure had developed that the most famous flying team in the world were to be reconciled. But real life does not resort to a happy ending as frequently as fiction. A few weeks Amy Johnson was dead in a plane crash in the Tharrah.

Mollison saw the war out in his accepted job. Then, financially well fixed, he retired from active flying.

He is still alive, for his achievements have put him among the aviation great. Mollison is one of the last pioneers of the air still around. He confidently asserts that he is going to live to be 80. If he does, it is certain he will still be the same droll, happy, box-wrest, run-around-town.

He'll still be telling reporters, as he did the other day, that he likes women with jobs. "You know," said Jimmy, "the type who makes a technical achievement of crossing her legs."

pointers to better health

NO BLINDNESS

An age-old scourge of humanity, trachoma, an eye disease which has blinded millions, has been practically eliminated, according to Dr. K. W. Conroy of Little Rock, Arkansas. Although at one time there were 75,000 cases of trachoma in U.S.A. alone, treatment with sulfa drugs has reduced the number of cases to a point where the disease is no real problem. Dr. Conroy traced the history and progress in his home State alone. In 1946 there were 1,736 new cases of trachoma reported in Arkansas. In 1951, the total was only 10. In Illinois, there were 2416 cases in 1946; in 1953 there were none.

TAKE IT EASY

The Illinois State Medical Society reports that hurried beings on fidgets and is inclined to reduce the amount of rest the average human body may have. The human body is a machine with a mechanical ratio of units of fuel to energy output. The more effort one puts out, the more fuel is burned up. The person who leaps out of bed, gulps a cup of tea and dashes for the train in the morning, starts, and usually finishes the day in a tottering over the years that will result in frayed

nerves and an irritable disposition. It also brings on heart difficulties, high blood pressure, nervous indigestion and ulcers.

OPERATION MUSIC

Soldiers undergoing surgery will do it to relax, if General Willard F. Hall, U.S. Air Force Surgeon, has his way. His report's a case in which classical music was piped through earphones to a patient operating room procedure, shots out under local anesthesia. It was so successful that the General wants it to become routine. "Music especially selected for its soothing and relaxing qualities distract the attention of the patient from operating room procedure, sinks out notes and soothes the nerves," said the General. The patient mentioned listened to the music of Bach, Beethoven, Strauss and Haydn.

FAST THERMOMETER

A new electronic thermometer which gives an accurate reading in five to seven seconds has been invented by Colonel George T. Peleggi, of the Water Reed Army Medical Centre in Washington, D.C. It works through a tiny carbonyl thermometer which resists heat and translates this resistance in terms of degrees on a meter.

female *william tell* . . .

Shirley Smith, of Los Angeles, California, is our girl a model posing with bow, arrow and a target. She really knows how to use them — in fact she placed two years ago as undefeated women's champion of western North America.





Above: Shirley's tries figure belies the strength necessary to draw the heavy bow. Why did she retire? The reason is that Capid was also busy with the bow and Shirley married and became a mother.



Right: And here is the result of her shot—bullseye! Or, to use an archery term, she scored in the gold. Shirley is practicing daily now, renewing her career, and is after more titles.

They fear the Slightest Scratch

Hemophiliacs is a dreaded disease which is passed from mother to son. Rarely, although women are carriers, they cannot suffer from it.

BETTY H. HOGAN



AN estimated 600 people in Australia suffer from hemophilia, probably the strongest, rarest and most heart-breaking of all diseases. Some names known as "bleeder," from the needle to the grave they exist in fear that a bump, a fall or a cut may cause them to bleed to death.

Their blood is deficient in the normal ingredients that cause it to clot when the skin is broken. Unless doctors can stop the flow, their hearts keep pumping the blood out through the opening until the "bleeder" dies.

A few weeks ago, the papers reported the case of a boy in Los

Angeles who had a tooth out — was six doctors in attendance for that single extraction, days of preparation were necessary.

Before, during and after the extraction, he had to be given transfusions with blood plasma, containing the coagulating "clotting ingredients" of the blood of normal persons.

Some of the "clotting" plasma was recently rushed across half the world from the United States to a children's hospital at Innsbruck in Austria. There, following a slight cut received in play, a little boy had been bleeding to death for 18 days.

These patients were victims of hemophilia. It is significant that they were young boys. Few hemophiliacs survive the constant battles with death until they reach manhood.

There are exceptions who live on. A medical journal not long ago reported the case of a 31-year-old hemophiliac in England. In his lifetime he had been in hospital no less than 207 times.

Hemophilia may be a rare disease, but it has been plaguing the human race for a long time. Two thousand years ago, Greek and Hebrew historians described its nature and expressed apprehension as to its cause and prevention.

Modern science has still not solved these riddles. The recent development of the "clotting" plasma has only aided the treatment of each bleeding attack.

Hemophiliacs afflict about one person in every 30,000.

As it is hereditary, hemophilia derives from birth. No hereditary partner — as far as is known — controls it during his life.

Only men are affected with the actual symptoms, although women can be carriers of it. Men can only pass it on to their daughters who, although not suffering from it themselves, pass it on in turn to 50 per cent of their sons. According to biologists, the only chance of a woman being born as actual bleeder himself would be as the result of the union of a true male hemophiliac and a female carrier.

These hereditary quirks and rules make hemophilia the weakest of all diseases. Thus, a mother can give it to her son. He cannot pass it on to his son, but he may pass it on to his grandsons through his daughters. If hemophiliacs had only sons, the disease would practically die within a generation.

Although all the daughters of an actual male hemophiliac will be carriers, only 50 per cent of the carriers' own children will be affected. If those 50 per cent are sons, they will know their condition practically from birth — often from the operation of circumcision which kills many hemophiliacs in the first hours of life.

The girls born in a known female corner are doomed to lead of heart-breaking uncertainty. They have a 50-50 chance of being carriers — but they will not know until they themselves marry and bear sons, 50 per cent of whom again will be true hemophiliacs.

The chances about the whole thing makes it possible for the disease to remain dormant in female carriers for generations until it does appear in a male with no recent family history of hemophilia. People often erroneously believe that it has suddenly developed in the victim.

Hemophilia is generally known only as the disease which has plagued certain European Royal families for centuries. Thus it is sometimes called "The royal disease." Actually, it is no respecter of rank and can claim for life the bigger as well as the lesser.

It has run periodically close to our own Royal Family. Queen Victoria is believed to have been a carrier.

Through her daughters, Princess Alice and Princess Beatrice, and her youngest son, Leopold, hemophiliacs hit the German, Spanish and Russian royal houses. Alice, the last of the last Hessian Queen, Nicholas II, and two of the four sons of Alfonso, the last King of Spain, were hemophiliacs.

Happy, King Edward VII of England — son of Queen Victoria — was not hemophiliac. He thus

removed the threat from descendants of Queen Victoria following through him — all the present Royal Family.

The Spanish Royal Family would doubtless have contained many victims of the affliction had they not been vaporized wholesale in 1869. The Countovich Prince was crippled by it and had to be entombed by the revolutionaries in the cellar where he was to die with his family.

The hemophiliac may be libered to an over-ripe tomato. Every moment of jilt life, sleep and awake, is dangerous. He is ill on an average of one week on two.

Few of them can walk more than a short distance without their feet bleeding. A hemorrhage may be brought on simply by a sudden movement while sleeping.

Internal bleeding as caused may be more frequent for the hemophiliac than that caused by breaks in the skin. A bump on the hand may make the face swell and become bloated with the blood of extensive hemorrhaging.

Some hemophiliacs suffer more than others and bleed more easily and more severely. Few of them can take a chance on shaving, so go through life bearded — if they ever reach an age at which whiskers become a problem.

A hemophiliac baby can make its parents' lives a nightmare of worry. Its first crib must be padded. His toys must all be of the soft, dull-like type. It must be watched constantly. Even putting itself up by the side of its cot can start a hemorrhage.

When you cut your finger, an intricate chemical process creates a sufficient agent in your blood called fibrin. This effectively dries the cut. One of the ingredients necessary for the production of the

fibrin is a substance known as AHF, or anti-hemophilic factor. If the AHF does not appear, the process of fibrin manufacture breaks down.

The blood of a normal person automatically contains 18 times as much AHF as the fibrin will require. Biologically, that of the hemophiliac does not supply enough AHF. The fibrin-making plant fails. The blood does not clot properly, and the bleeding continues unchecked.

As the hemophiliac lacks AHF, the logical treatment is to supply the deficiency by artificial means. This is the accepted method of giving relief to the sufferer today.

Originally it was done by means of a transfusion of the blood of a normal person, which soon raised the quantity of AHF in the victim's blood plasma. The only difficulty with this is that the AHF in stored blood is unstable and becomes ineffective within 24 hours. Thus the stored blood of hospitals and other institutions was of no use for the treatment of the hemophiliac. Fresh blood had to be obtained all the time by transfusions.

Recent experimentation in the United States has resulted in the use of blood plasma—normal blood after the removal of the red cells. It was found that AHF retained its potency in such plasma that was quickly frozen in the manner of速凍 food. Thus preserved, it can be used to relieve the bleeding of a hemophiliac for as long as a year.

In addition, the plasma has the advantage of being less bulky than whole blood and can be more easily and quickly injected. The whole blood is now only used when, as the result of prolonged bleeding, the red cells of the hemophiliac have to be replaced.

With AHF easily available in

frozen plasma, the lot of the hemophiliac has been tremendously improved in recent years. The horrors of surgery have been banished.

The success in using frozen blood plasma to build up the hemophiliac's supply of AHF has encouraged the hope among American researchers that they might eventually be able to keep the disease at bay.

They think it possible to supply AHF to hemophiliacs in handy, regular, easily-injected doses. This would keep the patient's blood al-

ways in a condition approaching that of a normal person.

The bleeding from cuts and so on, and the untimed hemorrhages, would be ministered because it would not occur in the first place. Like diabetes with their regular shots of insulin, the hemophiliacs would be enabled to live like human beings. Never again would they be tormented by the ever-present anxiety that another bleeding "spurts" will come and transform them into hospital patients on the point of death.





"Mr. Snowball is a magnifico who would like very much to see you in half!"

You can be so WRONG

RHYS BRADSHAW



Mistaken identity has caused gross miscarriages of justice. In the case of Belisario, he escaped imprisonment only through the capture of the real criminal.

THERE are people everywhere ready to wreck your life away. They've done it every day sinners incriminate you. They see you do this, they know for a fact you did that. There's no question of their sincerity. They are convinced that you are the culprit, the guilty master, the wanted man. They are not spurred by personal motives of malice, hatred, or revenge.

One mistake you're free as the air, the next you've picked up on charges resulting from murder is待ing. Frightened by the accusing eyes of witnesses you can do little. A mere denial of guilt is not enough. Finding proof is hard, often impossible. You feel doubly powerless.

Like Christopher Brazen Belisario. His predicament could be yours. Two girls claimed he seduced with a few words. He knew nothing about it until January 14, 1933, when the blow struck like a bombshell exposing the pained countenance of his life.

It was falling on to six o'clock in the evening Belisario was performing the consummate art of coming home—only this homecoming was unlike any other. There was a reception committee. As he walked up the steps to the door of his house in New York City, the shadows moved and a trio of men approached him. A gentle man Belisario was startled. He thought for a moment they were

those. His trapdoors rattled to bewilderment when he saw the hedge in their hands. Police stopped—not what did they want with him? They weren't talking. They wanted him for questioning, that's all they told him.

"But what for?" Balistreto looked in consternation from one detective to another. "What have I done?"

"We're taking you along to the station," one said.

At the station they seized Balistreto from his arms.

"Forty-three," he said.

"You're a night-club manager, that night?"

Balistreto nodded. "At the Stark Club I play the string bass in the combo band there. Say, what's the all about?"

They told him. They questioned the Prudential Insurance Co. of America. The company had a branch office not far from Balistreto's house. On July 8, 1952, just after noon, an armed bandit had held up the office and snatched with \$20 dollars. On December 11 of the same year, after just after noon, the same holdup man repeated his operation and robbed the office of seventy-one dollars.

The man, said witnesses, was Balistreto.

The question, beginning with greeting from the chief detective, was: Did he do it? He burst into a short, nervous laugh. "But that's ridiculous," he protested. "I'm not a skulking gimp! I wouldn't know one end of a gun from another. And to appear in broad daylight . . . to stage a robbery . . . why, it's all too silly. Me, of all people!—well, I just wouldn't have the nerve."

"You can't say you don't know that after!" the detective started to grid him. "Your family has four

life insurance policies with the company."

"That's true," Balistreto murmured.

"How many times have you visited the office?"

Balistreto thought. "Two," he said.

"What for?"

"To arrange loans on the policies—there was disease in the family."

"What was the last time you were there?"

Balistreto looked his dry lips. He was frightened and he stammered at "Yesterday," he said.

"What was that for?"

"Then—my wife—she had to have some dental work done. We needed \$25 dollars. We couldn't afford it. We thought of the insurance company. I want to see them about the loan."

"What about last year—December and July—did you visit the office then?"

Balistreto shook his head, and said no several times in his agitation.

"But you did need money."

"Sure, I needed money. I don't get a big salary. Everybody needs money sometime."

The police went back again to the beginning. They put Balistreto, on the whirring of questions and answers. The questions fell repetitively like hammer blows, never stopping. Balistreto's answers at first were like a wall. But the wall cracked. Under the third-degree treatment, he still stuck to the truth as he had told it, but his replies were hesitant and stumbling. He took longer. He frowned more. He didn't seem so sure.

In the urgency of his panic he gridded out. "You've got the wrong person. I'm absolutely innocent."

Where are these witnesses?"
They're on their way now."

Deck with deck, Balistreto gave only a haphazard nod when the detectives told him to write in block letters the message which the stick-up man had given to the clerk before the robbery on December 11. That was it: "This is a gun. I have parking at you. Be quiet and you will not be hurt. Give me the money from the cash drawer."

His tremor Balistreto gritted the words. Once he caught the word "drawers" as draw, and in the minds of the detectives that mistake was totally incriminating. So in the signed note the word had been spelled exactly the same.

For them the criminal's guilt was clinched when the two girls from the insurance office appeared and identified Balistreto in the line-up as the bandit.

Trembled, Balistreto asked to be permitted to speak to his wife. He was told that she would be informed of his whereabouts. He was in the detention cell before he realized it. He paced about. He could not see this man and Christopher Balistreto as one and the same person. Sleep was impossible. There was his wife to be thought about. What was going on in her mind? How she was taking this shock. There was his work—what about that?

In the morning, groggy and bagged he was taken to police headquarters, photographed, fingerprinted. He thought the roll over his head and drank the mug of coffee. It didn't take them long to get him back to court. He was charged with assault and robbery and allowed \$20 dollars bail. Balistreto knew there was no hope of getting that amount. He was hand-cuffed to a fellow prisoner among

Want into a cab one day and said a few cheery words to the waitress. She was a good-looking girl, but not very bright upstairs. We got to talking and she volunteered the information that her mother and father were first cousins. "That," she finally explained, "is why I look so much alike."

a group who filed into the van, which was driven off to the grid.

Balistreto hung his head, bitter with humiliation, seeping around in the dregs of his dignity for some spark of his personality that had not been crushed by this cruel experience which had now reduced him to the status of a common felon.

Later that day and after being 24 hours in custody the hapless man was taken out of the cell. His brother-in-law, Gene Conduch, was waiting to bail him out. When he saw him and realized the Balistreto collapsed.

But he wasn't free of his predicament. He had to get a lawyer, but what lawyer would handle such a case? Desperate, he finally called solicitor Frank D. O'Connor, and O'Connor agreed. He said to Balistreto, "You say you didn't do those robberies. Then you must have been somewhere else when they were committed. We've got to find

out where. And we've got to prove it for each occasion."

O'Connor worked untiringly. He cleared up the accused's alibi for July 9, 1952, by proving that Belostrero, his wife, and their two sons, aged 11 and five, were at Edgewood Farm out of Cornwall, N.Y. when they had gone for a boating. The proprietor and other guests were able to confirm the fact that Belostrero had been present at least on July 9.

The lawyer spent days of exhaustive questioning and investigating before he got anywhere with December 11. When Belostrero remembered that around about Christmas he had suffered from盜竊犯

O'Connor turned up the dentist's records and learned that from December 11 to December 22 Belostrero's teeth could not be pulled because of the extremely swollen right jaw O'Connor talked to band members. They remembered that the jaw was up like a football all the week. This fact gave O'Connor an advantage in that none of the witnesses had reported the suspect as having a swollen jaw.

Despite these rays of hope, Belostrero became more and more despondent. But it was his wife who cheered up. She became obsessed with the belief that it was through her fault her husband was in trouble, and finally she suffered a nervous breakdown and was taken to a sanatorium. Belostrero fought his black depression, often wondering why and whether it was worth going on living.

On April 26 he learned from O'Connor that his trial was to take place on July 12. Heavy-bearded, he went off to the Stock Club. He rarely played cards especially as he had been doing all these weeks

They, as hour after midnight, the good news came, as shockingly unexpected as the descent of the police on that evening of January 14.

"Now, put that book down!" Please, Jack Elliott was shouting at him. "They've caught the guy who did those robberies."

Belostrero couldn't believe it. But it was true. The real criminal, Denzel, who had been caught earlier that evening in a deliessen hold-up, had confessed to several recent stick-ups, including those at the Prudential office. He knew about Belostrero being held, and he said: "If he was convicted I was going to write the D.A. and try to clear him."

At the police station Belostrero and the 31-year-old Denzel, handcuffed in a chair, looked briefly at one another. There was a faint, fugitive resemblance between the two, but nobody could mistake their identity. Yet two people did.

Belostrero told his wife at the midmorning next morning, but she was the 11 to do more than smile faintly at the happy news—and he knew that the doctors were right when they said her recovery would be slow.

Two witnesses can hurt. They can get you hanged. They can break up your family life. There is no human where the consequences of their degenerate attack-hounds may end. They can follow you to the grave, infecting you and yours.

The authorities should remember that he has a tremendous responsibility. He should heed that responsibility. He should think before he comes. He had to make a wrong. Contrary to the popular proverb, it's often too late to mend.

Christopher Knapp Belostrero thinks so—and he ought to know

When the supplies failed to arrive the small garrison died of starvation. Finally only three women and seven children remained.

LEO FARIAH

The ISLE of CASTAWAYS



THE Mexican call it "La Isla de

la Perdida"—which means "The Island of Loss"—and it got its intriguing title back in the days of the Spanish conqueror Fernando Cortez.

A wild battle was fought on its shores by the crew of one of his vessels. Dozens of men were killed as they braved over the attentions of two captive Indian maidens they had on board.

The world has preferred to call the island by the more prosaic title of Clipperton. By that name you will find it on any good map—midway between the Panama

Canal and San Diego and about 470 miles out in the Pacific.

Today Clipperton has deserted and uninhabited. On its highest elevation, however, there still stands the ruin of a stone lookout tower—brutiful to memory one of the most poignant stories of desert island castaways on record.

On Clipperton, three women and seven children endured a life of hardship and privation.

To begin the story it is necessary to go back to a happy day in 1950 in the Mexican city of Salina Cruz. There, say, 30-year-old Dolores, of the morally prominent Rovira fam-

sky, married a handsome captain, Renou de Arnaud, who was attached to the local military staff.

As a wedding present, Captain de Arnaud received a command of his own. He was ordered to lead an expedition to Clipperton Island and there set up a garrison in the name of Mexico.

For years Mexico and France had been arguing about the ownership of Clipperton Island, but neither had done anything tangible about it. The Mexican President, Porfirio Díaz, eventually tired of talk and took the positive action of assuming possession—hence the order that took Captain de Arnaud, his wife and tiny crewmen there.

Accordingly, the party from Bahia Cruz were well ashore on Clipperton from a Mexican warship.

The Captain soon had a barracks erected and comfortable living quarters. Several of the non-commissioned officers of the small force who had been permitted to bring their wives and families.

In several years the island population was tolerably constituted. The captain kept a constant guard and regularly drilled his handful of men to repel invaders. But no vessel except the infrequent quarterly supply ship ever appeared on the horizon.

Then in 1813 the supply ship failed to arrive as scheduled. Days, weeks, a whole quarter, passed and there was no sign of the ship. The island and all on it had been forgotten.

In 1813, General Vicente Filisola came to power. Turned head of the army and directly responsible for the garrisoning of Clipperton, he remembered the island—but not the remained men and women on it. Effects arranged

with France to submit the question of ownership of the island to an independent adjudicator—King Victor Emmanuel of Italy. He said he would consider the question—and there it stayed for many years.

On Clipperton when the supply ship failed to arrive, Captain de Arnaud assumed it had been delayed and rationed his supplies of food. By careful planning they held out for another complete quarter.

When the stores ran out they had to depend on the few coconuts available, sea birds and their eggs, fish, crabs and seaweed. All rapidly deteriorated into oxidized, sourish-smelling scarcrows.

One day, in a storm, they sighted a ship. They signalled and waved and started free. The vessel—a small schooner, the *Makoma*—ventured closer and was wrecked on the reef.

Captain de Arnaud and his men huddled out through the boiling surf in a couple of small boats and succeeded in saving half the crew. Brought to shore, the shipwrecked sailors—from whom they had expected salvation—proved a dangerous liability. They meant even more trouble to consume the meager food supplies on hand.

Gradually the lack of proper food took toll of the population of La Isla de la Pasion. The men starved to have more food for the women and children. One by one the men began to die.

Then the instinct of self-preservation began to develop. Some of the men rebelled against the rationing and the discipline maintained by Captain de Arnaud to stop them all going mad. One day a strange fight developed between the men. When knives were sheathed again and guns were lowered, only a few of the men remained alive. Captain de Arnaud had been wounded

but continued to keep the pitiful survivors alive.

Another disastrous storm devastated and uprooted half of the precious coconut palms. Captain de Arnaud climbed up to the lookout. When he came down he informed them that he had seen a ship try to extract the reef.

The captain figured they now had to seek rescue instead of waiting for it to come to them. They knew the reef and could get through in the open sea without too much trouble.

All agreed to make the attempt. Captain de Arnaud detailed one man to stay with the women and children. The rest manned three flimsy, leaky boats and paddled off through the foaming waves. There was nothing to be seen but green, surging water. Through the storm, the man and the raft, Captain de Arnaud's eyes had played tricks. He had seen, not a ship, but a mirage.

It was too much for the men. They had called on their last reserves of will to accomplish the



"Goodbye Mr. Bunting... I know you're stuck!"

bercusses raw through the seas.

Back on Clipperton Island, Dolores de Arnaud watched the grim scene from the lookout. Through a small spyglass she saw the three boats come together. She saw her husband standing at the tiller of one boat. Then it seemed every oar was raised and all were used as weapons to beat down the lonely figures.

So intent were they on the task at hand they did not notice a monstrous oilier rising in the background. For second it seemed to have, gathering weary strength. Then it rolled forward over the three boats with the momentum of a tidal wave. The three boats and all in them were swept to destruction.

The Mexican settlement on Clipperton Island was now reduced to the one man left by Captain de Arnaud—and four women and seven children. Two years had passed since the last supply vessel arrived. Two more agonizing years had to be endured before rescue came.

A few weeks after the loss of the boats at sea, the women and children were left without even their single male protector. In a sudden fit of madness, he went berserk. He attacked and killed one of the women. The others, for their own protection, thereupon banished him to shore.

On July 18, 1923, a United States warship, *Yorktown*, was patrolling in the vicinity of Clipperton Island in search of German submarine. The captain discovered several moving specks on the beach. He sent off a boat.

Meanwhile the stricken castaways on La Isla de la Pasión had seen the ship. They watched with frenzied anxiety as the ship's boat slowly circled the reef, seeking an

anchorage. Their cries of horror came from ten hours as the boat was soon in return to the workshop.

Dolores de Arnaud and the other women looked at one another. They did not speak but nodded with agreement. They could not stand any more suffering. They would kill the children, bury them with decent formality and then commit suicide.

Like women in a trance, they summoned the children. Around a rough wooden cross they had erected on the beach they fell on their knees. Dolores de Arnaud prepared to offer a final prayer. Then one of the children looked up and gave a shrill cry. He pointed out to see. The boat was busy unloading the rest and moving its way into the channel.

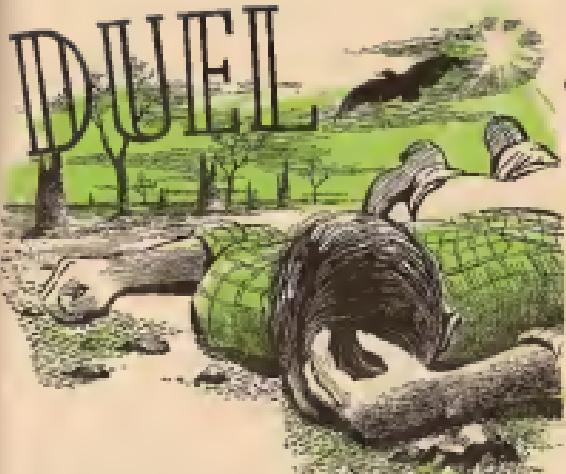
It had returned to the Yorktown for instructions from the captain before taking the risk of being so close to the reef. The captain ordered the boat back immediately and sent the ship's doctor and emergency supplies with it.

All on Clipperton Island were relieved. After medical care they recovered strength and were transported to a U.S. port. Eventually they returned to Mexico.

Clipperton Island continued as the subject of argument between France and Mexico. The Italian king who had agreed to adjustments did not give his decision until 1930, when it passed into the possession of France.

Except for an occasional visitor, however, it has remained uninhabited ever since those three women and seven children gladly shook the dust from their feet back in 1915.

La Isla de la Pasión shimmers on silently. There are none who need to disturb its unhappy desolation.



The man lay helpless in the sun. He could not last long, but he was convinced—conscious of the crew that was waiting for him to die.

PERCHED on the blue-grey bough

of a dead tree, its wings broad close to its long body, only its head moved in a ceaseless survey, the crow saw the object, sturn to its company, hostile to no creature, carried to its capacity—now it passed over the plain.

As it came nearer, keeping the crows out of the silent meadow, the crow stared its wings, letting the dewy air about them, ready to flap wide space, not alarmed, but

curious, keeping a fierce glare on the compass right moving in that vast expanse of dead timber, brush, and new grass.

Then it saw the raiders, stirring confusion, the scratching and lying still of the thing on the earth; then the one pair raising itself and moving off with a tolling thunder that sounded like the snub when the men are there with axes. Started at first, its wings ruffled, its body puffed, the crow, with

the sure instinct of safety, now scuttled down again. It watched the galloping object into the distance, and then turned its eyes to the other part, watching like a rabbit on the palisaded hills, lying still, crouching like a worm that is in the womb.

For a long time the crow watched.

The strong searching fingers of the sun crept up the hilly recesses and took the glister off the vegetation, turning the shadow of the trees, and filling the hollows with a burnished brightness, shaking with steady gleams. Out of the uttermost silence, a flock of gulls, rose and gay, came wheeling into the sun, and turned in by the waters to drink about the rim.

The crow still waited.

It watched a rabbit scuttle from the brush, come suddenly to a standstill and squat with ears pricking . . . not fifty yards from the sun. It saw the rabbit, reassured, run again, squat again on the warrened ridge, and there gazed with another. There was no movement from the sun.

The crow sprang off the branch, up into the wind that was rising with the sun to its highest ride over the arid sky. It flew in a circle to windward, and emitted blood, and then it knew there was no danger. Cawing harshly, and long, as if pouring out the vulturine greed of its soul, at it driving with a melancholy lust on that loneliness and the sickening thing that nature had broken there, it settled on a bough a hundred yards from the man, and looked down.

The man lay on his stomach, his arms outstretched. His eyes were open and there was life and aspiration in them, but his face worked

in spasms, and blood trickled out of his mouth. His left leg was bent and twisted helplessly. His hands clasped and gripped an amazake as he fought the captain of blackness that kept dapping in his mind, lying still, cowering like a worm that is in the womb.

He knew what was wrong with him. He knew that he was hurt badly. He knew that he would die unless they came for him before nightfall, and even then it was a small chance. He knew that because he had seen men die; he had seen them die, lost and mad in the wilderness. The logic of his brain told him that but his instinct of self-preservation refused to admit it, and he fought off even the thought with a panicky desperation.

His brotherhood told him to lie still, to grip his amazake, not to dissipate his energy in noise and waste as the pain urged him to do. The sun, blazing out of the metallic sky, began to roast his face, to lift the moisture out of his skin, so that his lips dried like snakes, and his tongue was a hot, sandy lump. Shoving himself, he crawled back by inches until he had his head in the shade of the brush. He lay his head down with a sigh of relief, and the eyes, vacant, suddenly became fixed on the tree, which was now perched on a tree fifty yards away.

The man's spirit suddenly seemed to run into a weak pause in his stomach. He stared at the crow and the crow stared back. They watched each other for ten minutes. The man knew then that he was dying; no amount of fighting courage could blind him to that thought, which became uppermost in his mind, running up his brain in a spiral, to burst at the top with terrible, indelible reality.

He cried out in a frenzy of hate and rage, "You'll never get me, you black vulture. To hell with you! I'll snap a grave and fall into it before I'll let you heavy feather take over."

He waved his arms, but the arms only started, and kept sharpening his beak on the dead weed. In his desperation, forgetting the wisdom of his law, the man tried to convince the bird that he was well alive, and a danger that he could not budge it. Thus he realized how foolish were these actions, for there was no way of shooting its talons, no way of countering the ruthless execution that botched death.

He took his eyes away from the bird, and, overcome with a ghastly phantom of hope and fear, lay with his back to the earth, thinking. What was his chance? If a rescuer should come it would be from the south, from the station. He tremored now, writhing at the vivid significance of the situation and his extreme dependence of the dark habit of a home, confined up the stems.

The silly, rains hanging, galloping into the yard. Stetson rubbed out, probably still gripping his eternal pipe, taking everything in at once. Or maybe his wife, sleep-witted, always muddling stupid dependences. He could see her when the truth sank in: "It's that Autobus fellow . . . the drug-trapper . . . the cow man working for you. That's his horse George, go quickly. He might be hurt."

Quickly, he thought . . . you. Stetson would come quickly, but where? When it was too late. Would the horse go straight home, if it went there at all? And where

would they look for him in that sun and broken world?

Already he saw the phantom of the rescuer gathering; he knew over the ground and the ground a mystery, hastening to the highest peaks and casting the far-flung gray shadow for a man that might be a boy and a boy that might be a man—and he could see the squinted eyes and the gaunt face powdered with desperate concern, and he wanted to fire the brush, be buried in death. He wanted to stand and swing his arms and make movements that distinguished him from the desirous figures of still life about him and identified him and marked his whereabouts.

For the man who came to search might turn back beaten, his two eyes not enough, and gone off to visit others—and all the time he was lying there and his life was receding out. And then when they came it would be too late. Enough of them gathered to spread out and squat and search him out quickly, roots quickly, but too late. He saw them around him, looking down at him. Until him, wishing they could have been a little earlier. And that was the worse of it, the sun and terrible dryness.

Stetson took every time from the last and injured man and gave it to the process of rounding up others to help find and save the same man. And it made the rescue too late. That was the joke of it.

And all because Stetson didn't know where to look for him in the first place. But was that true? Didn't he know? There was that talk this morning before he set out. Had he said where he was making the direction? Or was it this morning, or yesterday morning, or the morning before that?

He descended the vortex of his brain, delving among the flabby lights and the fog of pain for past words and dead thoughts, but he could not crystallize them; he wandered in uncertainty.

Time he played for. There is life through his possible passing.

But the crow did not worry about time. It possessed the only weapon that could conquer time—patience, a cold, sullen, unyielding patience. Patient it had known from the time of its birth in a great tree that ran up into space, that stood rugged against the quick winds of the storm and the batter of the wind; it had waited patiently for its parents to come with food. It had waited patiently to fly—patiently to understand all these things.

It could wait — however, *et cetera*.

want and went as it had waited for the last exhausted animal of the rabbit in the trap; as it had waited, following with deliberate and vampire cleanliness, the erratic shambles of the drought-inverunished sheep until it fell with panting sides, as it had waited for the wood-pecked bellied to thresh its last Yes, it could wait, oblivious of time, until this man died. It could, in the end, murder anything, fowl, beast or man, and then say on the road.

It flew to the ground, walked a few yards hesitatingly, and then swooped into a bush lower to the ground and closer to the sea.

The man opened his eyes. He could not focus them for several moments. He looked ^{giddily} about him, and he saw the crew gazing at him with a horrible, greedy, wicked and dark malice.

horse. Frightened, he stared at the eyes set in berry, ring-shaped nostrils, at the sinuous bony head, the waxy skin at the base of his neck—and he saw it was the black and living symbol of painless death! His vision went black, then cleared, the darkness all fading into the mists of creature.

He knew the crew was hiding at one with all the unconscious of nature. And he knew it could keep him. He knew he could not stay but his vigilance. The merits were equal, the conditions just; he was a man and it was a bird. There was only one way to effect it—drop silver Force and concentrate them upon the flesh, sharpen his feeling nerves, drive energy into his flapping heart.

He knew that, but the pictures that came tumbling deliriously into his mind overrode the knowledge—the pictures of his doggies running and barking frantically in the trees, their eyes packed clean out, only the nostrils wet with remorse and he thought of the blotted carcasses of sheep, their throats torn, their stomachs ripped open, and their entrails terrible with putrefaction and corruption, and how the last-best efforts of the dead protracted on the festively-tattered weed, digging their claws into it and chewing it at like a knook, chattering and jumping with rictive glee.

In a pause he swung his arms and shouted out a hoarse pro-fanity. The snow flew off, startled, cawed loudly. But the effort was too much for the man, and he fell unconscious.

The cover crop will be
removed.

The sun went over the shadowy solitudes, putting a gold stain on the lagoon, turning the dead trees

was petrified grotesques. It struck
silver from the wings of the wheel-
ing galahs, shimmering in India
under the cold, smooth band of the
sky.

The crew crawled from tree to tree until it was almost directly above the man. It swooped to the ground. With grizzly contractions of attitude, it took a few steps and stopped by the man's boot. It jumped on to his back, clapped down by his arm, and began triumphantly to peck at his hair, pulling and tearing his head in an effort to turn his face.

Like a demon it worked—loosing itself in the prospect of its chosen food, its bark snapping, snapping, working with the anxiety of the glutton, the dreadful frenzy of the winter, starving and yet staring to turn the face of its prey — until suddenly, out of the south, came the sound of danger.

Startled, alarmed, disappalled, it ran along the ground to take off into the air. There was another noise, a sharp crack, and it tumbled around and fell to the earth. It struggled up and tried to run, unable to fly, but the power was dissipated out of its legs. There was no life in its wings. It ran, tailing, racing, scrabbling helplessly, torn apart by the rocket and the strange unknown night coming down. And then it was sprawled in a quiver of feathers, its head to one side, its eye rolling madly; and there was a long shadow over it, and a terrible and hostile voice.

A glaze flickered in the eyes of the dove, as if it knew it had been cheated, outraged—that the victim had been helped, and the duel had not been fair.

The goblin shuddered over its eyes, and a hand kicked it over on to the asphalt.



"Now who in the world could that be?"

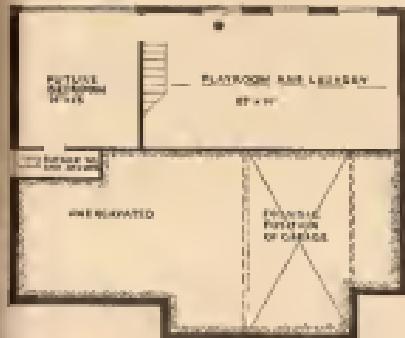
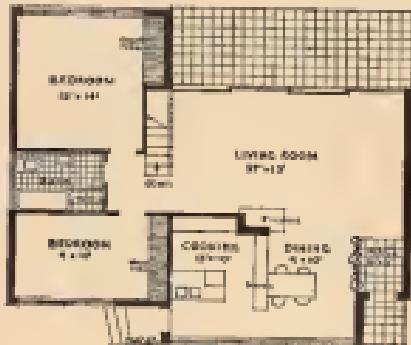
CAVALCADE HOME

OF THE MONTH NO. 12



ON SLOPING GROUND

E. M. BURRICH



THIS brick home is designed for a 50-ft. wide suburban lot sloping away from the street. The main floor is just under 12 squares and consists of a large living room with dining annex, kitchen, bath and two bedrooms. Main entrance is into a small hall divided from dining area by a planting screen. The north wall of the living room consists of fixed and sliding glass panels leading out to the paved terrace. The kitchen has plenty of cupboard space and a free-standing counter into which stove and sink are built. Bedrooms have ample built-in wardrobes. An open

stair leads down from the living area into the lower ground floor which includes a large playroom containing clothes washing equipment. A clothes chute opening at the bottom of the stairs could be built into the wardrobe of the larger upstairs bedroom. A third bedroom (if required) could also be built downstairs either immediately or at a later date. Its own WC and shower room is situated just below the main bathroom for ease in plumbing. If the main floor were raised slightly a garage with 7-ft. high ceiling could be built in at the lower floor level.



CATS ARE TOUGH

A cat named Sunita disappeared from a canteen of a motor factory in Lucknow and turned up three months later in Bangalore, India after an eight-week voyage without food or water. On the way she gave birth to three kittens, which died. Apparently she went into a crisis to have her kittens and was picked up upside down. Sunita was adopted in India and renamed Kencopha.

ELEPHANT NOT SO TOUGH

Ronnie's favorite elephant, which was installed in the zoo there, was two-year-old Romeo. He never reached three because it died due to a heart attack through eating too much spaghetti. Romeo adored spaghetti. Using it, he cooked with tomato sauce, bacon and pepper. He also liked his spaghetti cooked in butter and sprinkled with grated Parmesan cheese. He refused to eat normal elephant feed of hay, greens, rice and fruit, but would eat ten pounds of spaghetti at one sitting, winding it around the tip of his trunk and pushing it into his mouth.

TEN-YEAR PROTEST

In 1968 a man wrote to the Lon-

don Times complaining against the "preposterous rule which allows two services to the server in tennis." He signed himself "Tenn-pemani". Ten years later he again wrote with the same protest and signed himself "Septuagenarian". In 1978 he wrote a third time with the same protest and his signature read, "Octogenarian". The London Times is wondering if he will come along again in 1983.

"STEELING" OPERATION

Ray Thompson, aged ten, of Liverpool, England, went to a hospital to have a steel splinter removed from his finger. He was wheeled into the operation theatre and relieved of his appendix before the doctor discovered that they had confused him with another patient.

TETHING TROUBLES

Two rascals stopped George Bain at a street in Milwaukee, to check his teeth. George complied and the rascals checked immediately after the inspection, one man gave the other a dollar bill. They were yelling a bit whether his teeth were real or fake. They were his own.

HOUSE of the SNAKES

SPENCER LEADING

LIFE doesn't change much in darkest Africa. Tribal superstitions and customs linger, and probably they always will.

To this day, in parts of the Belgian Congo, men still kill men—but not snakes. Pythons, mambas, and other reptiles are still holy and inviolable in the steaming jungles and habitations of the Central African snake-worshippers.

Yet at least one white man tried hard to teach these natives a military lesson, to deter them from cannibalism and human sacrifices.

He partially succeeded in this. Alfred Olson was a big game and reptile hunter accustomed to gambling boldly with death in Central Africa in his quest for specimens for various zoos. It was on one of his expeditions that he encountered the "House of Snakes" and it could have cost him his life.

One morning while in his camp in the Belgian Congo a messenger arrived from "The House of the Snakes", with presents of many, ornate gulls filled with gold dust, some weapons and armaments, fruit,



"No human being must be sacrificed, or the waters will drain from the town and the tribe will be destroyed."

man, and four native girls.

The messenger said that he came from the High Priest. "The Father of the Chieftain," "Holder of light to the Soaking Gods," with a request that his chief might have speech with the great white chieftain of sacred snakes whose fame had spread everywhere, and not feed which the white man would perhaps give him with his own hand.

Alfred sent back a message of welcome to the High Priest and fixed a time for the meeting.

At the time appointed the High Priest arrived at Alfred's camp. He wore a robe of white monkey skins and carried a twisted ebony staff resembling two intertwined snakes.

Alfred greeted him from a post raised on a small platform of the boxes. Around him his native guides were drawn up in a half circle, and a double line of his butchers—all butchers, for some reason or other—formed the approach to the white man's impregnable fortress. Alfred sat on a rock. Alfred had a bare morsel, and several other deadly snakes were twisted around his body. All of them had been carefully disengaged, but only Alfred and a few of his trusted butchers knew this.

The visitor made obeisance by falling on his knees and bowing three times. Then he chanted a song of praise to the great gods called about the white man.

Alfred invited the High Priest to be seated, but he refused because, as he indicated by gesture, he was in the presence of the carriers of secret death. So Alfred retired, bound up the snakes, and returned the old men then sat down.

He told Alfred that the king of the Snake Workshops would be honoured by a visit from the great white man. It was proposed that

Alfred should spend there the days between the changes of the moon—this was roughly fourteen days.

That evening the winter banana continent, and told the white men how the High Priest was selected.

The four leading priests he had were put, one by one, into a hut in which were four deadly snakes. The hut was then closed and sealed, with the other three priests on guard. The priest in the hut remained a prisoner for a day and a night, with nothing to defend his naked body from the venomous reptiles.

If the first prisoner were still alive at the end of the ordeal, he was acknowledged and accepted as High Priest. If not, another leading priest took his place in the hut of snakes, and went through the same ordeal. And so on, by process of elimination.

Alfred, his relatives, and the High Priest left camp, and proceeded north-east under the High Priest's guidance, through savanna, over hills, and through dense shadowy jungle. Two canaries relieved their footing, and disappeared in the shining water infested with crocodiles. Snakes and big game of all kinds shrank in the jungle.

On the twentieth day the promised shadow-guides appeared. How they got the High Priest's message, or knew the time and place of meeting, Alfred was never able to discover.

At last, at the top of a hill, Alfred saw the Illesas of Shokon. Actually it was a big native town on a plateau which was an island, because water surrounded it.

Alfred saw hundreds of huts, with one special cluster which he was told was the King's House. A rock-pile in the middle of the plateau was the High Priest's home.

The illesas were crowded with young birds of prey, and at the lower end of the valley domesticated boobies were strutting.

While Alfred was preparing to pitch his camp on a spot near to some apparently clean water, the king's messenger arrived with orders that the visiting party was to camp in the place that had been set aside for it.

Knowing that the site allocated had only drinking water near it, Alfred ordered half a dozen of his hunters to beat the messenger from the camp with their spears.

Then the High Priest appeared. He knew nothing of the king's order. He hadn't been consulted, he said.

Realizing now that the tribe was divided into two factions, the king's and the priest's, Alfred sent a message to the long waiting that he would remain where he was, and that he would be ready to receive "His Majesty" whenever he cared to honour him with a visit.

Alfred felt secure in the knowledge that all his supporting natives were converts. They had transgressed some tribal law the punishment for which was immediate death. So their loyalty to the white hunter was spontaneous and unqualified, as their only hope of salvation. Besides, Alfred, as their protector, had gone with them to meet any hostile invasion.

Some four hundred of the Snake warriors began to climb the hill, and then drew themselves into two lines spreading down the hillside. Finally came the Royal procession. The king of the Snakes had a personal bodyguard of ten men.

The reception ceremony was very much as it had been for the High Priest, except that the king and his retinue not only prostrated

themselves when they saw the snakes, but refused to rise or cover their bodies until the reptiles had been removed and packed away.

Alfred was not impressed by his royal guest, a huge fat man, with round, crossbones-looking eyes set close together. He wore a robe of long skins, and his countenance was all dressed in leopards' robes.

The visiting party included some women and girls wearing short skirts made of skins and ostrich plumes which reached only halfway to the knee. Necklaces and bright bells were in evidence, but Alfred noted that these exotic adornments did not make up for the ugliness of the women's faces. They were thick-lipped, flat-nosed, and their faces were broader than long.

The following day Alfred walked down the hillside apparently playing with two large marines that sought to run themselves round his neck. He made for the rock-pile where the High Priest and his attendants were gathered. All prostrated themselves before the deadly reptiles. Thereupon the white hunter offered the deadly snakes, one to the northern day, and the other to the spirit of the night.

This visit had been made with a specific purpose, and Alfred was not disappointed. He confirmed from the High Priest that there was a rift between the king and that the town had taken sides.

When the full moon was only two days off, a great feast took place in the town, and Alfred was invited by the High Priest to make the customary sacrifices to the great ones. Alfred asked what the sacrifice would be, and was told that two geese and two children, of both sexes, would be sacrificed to the northern day, with similar offerings to the spirit of the night.

With the air of a nonconformist, a

king and prophet greater than the king and the priests of the Saxon, he told the populace, through an interpreter, that the spirits of the waters had spoken to him and had said that no human flesh, of either sex, should be sacrificed. He added that if the laws of the spirit of the waters were disregarded, the waters would drown from the town, and the tribe would be destroyed.

Paganism broke loose. The tribe went mad with joy because each member had feared for its own offspring.

But the priests begged Alfred's intercession, and their children were sacrificed, including a little boy of four.

The people rose in anger. Many offered to join Alfred's contingent, and few from the savage wrath. Unexpectedly, the king acted with the priests, so Alfred decided to give up.

By sunset that day five thousand and 300 warriors and their families had deserted to Alfred's camp. This was tantamount to a declaration of war.

At daybreak on the following day the retreat began. The king and priests with their warriors closed in quickly, in half-moon formation.

Alfred placed his own armed natives between the retreating army and the infidels. The white banners entwined their gaunt-green ranks, lashed with jagged lists of lead and steel stakes, ready for action. Alfred's own Martin-Henry rifle was well greased and fully charged.

When the advancing hordes were within twenty-five yards, Alfred blew a whistle which was the signal in fire. It was not only devastating, but terrible in immediate pain. Much of the enemy's army of nearly 6000 men as were still alive bolted into the valley below.

Alfred had noticed that only a

thin ridge of rock held the waters which surrounded the town. If this ridge were removed, he thought, the water would drain off, leaving a worthless valley.

He learned from his chief guide that the waters discharged into a lake the outlet of which was a river that only had water in the rainy season, and dried up into a collection of pools when the dry weather came.

Using a heavy charge of powder, Alfred succeeded at the third attempt in blasting the rock-ridge, and the waters came rushing headlong towards the distant lake. With the aid of channels previously dug, the waters drained away towards the lake, and the swamps soon ceased to be swamps.

The king of the Saxons, the priests, and their dusky subjects thought that a miracle had happened, and fear of the spirit of the waters assailed them all.

Alfred, his allies, and his relatives, began the long trek back to the white hunting-huts for reparation.

The journey back was eventful only because the relatives were taken in by a small tribe badly in need of reinforcements so Alfred was free from further responsibility for their safety and welfare.

Ten years later, Alfred passed again through the country which had included the House of the Saxon, to find the swamps gone and the town, too. Trees were found which made it evident that a battle had been fought, and that the town had been burned to the ground, possibly with the sulphur matches—or the tinder box—which Alfred had given to the High Priest as tokens of goodwill.

Thus, Alfred Green tells, had the snake-worshipping tribe of child-sacrificers learned better ways.

The Beautiful Spy

COLIN MERRILL



knew no Fear

Jacqueline Armand, spy against the Nazis, knew that the Nazi commandants and, by threats, forced him to release three other prisoners.

ONE STORY NIGHT IN 1944

A young girl dropped from the sky over the Puissons de Vaucluse in south-eastern France, and the ragged girls blew her from miles through the night before she landed. She hit the ground so heavily that the butt of her gun was smashed.

Jacqueline Armand's parachute descent had been planned so that she could make contact with

Colonel Comteira, who was in charge of three thousand French underground fighters.

She picked herself up, and immediately, with a grenade, she blew up six Germans who were trying to take her prisoner. Then she joined up with Colonel Comteira and other members of the Maquis.

Still harassed and threatened by the occupying forces, Jacqueline was provided with a machine gun

A farmer was trying to drive a pair of mules into a paddock and every time he got one pointed towards the gate, the other one would turn away. The farmer lookedasper. He was standing, wondering what to do when along came a person. "You repeat the way I want to see," said the farmer. "Will you please tell me how Noah managed to get two of these contrary critters into the Ark?"

with which, and hand grenades, the disposed of scores of Germans.

After four days of successful defiance of the camp, the resisters received an order by secret radio to disperse as quickly as possible. But the Nazis were on their trail.

One afternoon a German patrol with dogs came along, and one dog found Jacqueline and the Colonel.

Jacqueline calmly held out her hand. The dog sniffed it, and wagged his tail, whereupon she put her arms round the dog's neck. The Germans whistled and searched, but the dog stayed with Jacqueline, and made no attempt to betray the buried pair.

The patrol moved away, and did not return. The dog remained devotedly by Jacqueline's side, and was a faithful companion for many months afterwards, until it was killed by phosgene.

Jacqueline Armand wasn't this girl's real name. She was more generally known as Christiane Granville; but even that was merely an alias. Her real name was

Krystyna Skarbek, née Greczka. She was born in Podkow, on the borders of Poland and Russia.

When she left school her good looks were so outstanding that she was chosen to be beauty queen of Poland; and shortly afterwards she married Count Skarbek, a journalist by profession. He was killed when the Germans invaded Poland.

The widowed Countess then found her way to England, and volunteered her services to the Allies. She could speak ten languages fluently.

In the summer of 1939 she was introduced to Major Andrew Kennedy in the special division at the War Office in London known as MI 6.

Later, the Major and Christiane Granville were parachuted together into Hungary as spies. Their job was to establish contact with the Polish border Christian posed as a German newspaper correspondent.

One day she left the Major, took some skin, and travelled a hundred miles or so in the snow, after which she changed into peasant costume, and found her way to Warsaw.

For a year and a half, Major Kennedy heard nothing of her. At last he ascertained through MI 6 in London that she had succeeded in setting up contacts with all over Hungary (which country, by that time, had entered the war) and that, having accomplished her mission, she had made her escape to Ankara, in Turkey, and then asked the British Secret Service to give her a new assignment.

Little is known of her further wartime activities until the early spring of 1945, when Colonel Comberford again took up the bizarre story of this remarkable woman.

No, Captain Morrison (an American officer) and Zara Fielding (a British Major) had been sentenced to death as Allied spies.

WOM. HIGGIE



About mid-morning before the marching of their division, the three condemned men heard Christine's familiar voice outside the prison walls singing a song called "Frankie and Johnny" which they had often harmonized together.

It seemed the cruelest thing to do, because the Germans had put a price on Christine's head. She appeared to be asking for death as if it were.

Eventually the men ceased, and all was silent, except for the clapping of the soldiers' footsteps along the prison corridor.

At 6:00 in the morning the prisoners waited for the door of the condemned cell to open, and it is led to execution. But nothing happened—until 11 a.m.

At last the camp commandant entered the cell—accompanied by Christine!

The jaded-booted sentinels looked tense and furious. The purpose of his visit was to tell them funder direct that they were free men.

It transpired that what Christine had done was to walk into the camp commandant's office, tell him she was the niece of Field-Marshal Montgomery and a British spy, and demand the immediate release of the three officers who were to be executed.

She warned the Nazi commandant that if the officers, or she, were harmed, every German in that camp, the commandant included, would hang as a war criminal when the Allies had completed the conquest of the already tottering Reich of Adolf Hitler and all its satellites.

Christine argued with that camp commandant for eleven hours, introducing third degree methods that intimidated the Nazis themselves. In the end she put such fear into the bewhiskered commandant that he felt sure that her threats would

be carried out. (The Americans were not to oversee that camp for another two months, but it might have been the next minute, according to Christine.)

Under most hypnotic influence, the Nazi caved in.

That was the quality of the young Countess Skarbeck. They don't advertise the work of mass murder in brutal spates in wartime, but her work was recognized by four decorations. Two were British—the George Medal and the Order of the British Empire. France awarded her the Croix de Guerre, and she received a Polish medal. Christians were contented in the unusual terms.

When the war in Europe was over, she was in France disguised as a peasant girl. Then she went to London.

Christine reached London on a Saturday night, and it was nearly nine with rain. She was practically penniless. Having found a veranda shelter for the night, she spruced herself up as much as possible and went in search of a job.

She passed from one temporary position to another like a rolling stone. The manager of a chain of habits to whom Christine was introduced with a view to employment asked her if she was married.

When she said no, the manager told her that his hotel employed only married women. Christine then asked if the man whom he employed also had to be married, and she got the reply that it didn't matter in the case of male employees.

"Give me a list of your unmarried men, and I'll soon marry one of them," Christine said, whatever she was ejected from the manager's office.

But Christine Gosselle sought no favours from anyone. Her jobs were many, in department stores,

as a hairdresser, and as a ship's stewardess.

Mostly her sea trips were on the "Celtic" liner plying between England and South Africa. But she made one voyage to Australia and back, on the "New Australis".

In between her various jobs on land and sea it seems fairly certain that Christine Gosselle was continuing to do a certain amount of work for MI5 by acting as a liaison officer between the Western nations and underground movements behind the Iron Curtain. Just what she did, and how she did it, no one knows—except MI5.

When Christine was not engaged in stewarding or spying, she stayed at the Shelbourne Hotel, London, where her real identity was unknown even to the hotel manager.

In the mornings Major Andrew Kennedy had re-entered Christine's life, possibly again in connection with MI5 work, but also on social occasions.

Christine told Major Kennedy about a steamer on the "Dunster Castle" named Dennis George Maldwyn who had been very good to her when she was working on that ship as a stewardess. Christine asked the Major whether they could take him along with them to the nearest port right as he was lonely when others, and had no friends in London. Major Kennedy said yes, and Maldwyn accompanied them to the pictures where he seemed happy, and very grateful for the invitation.

Early in June, 1943, Christine returned to London from South Africa, and the following evening she dined with a man named Pugwash—a successful interior decorator—and Sonsy Mason, a mutual friend.

Shortly before Pugwash arrived, Sonsy Mason saw a strange man peering through the restaurant window at Christine and brought Sonsy's calligraphic attention to the staring eyes, but Christine merely shrugged her shoulders, and passed the matter off with a reference to something quite different. When Pugwash arrived, the man disappeared. But Christine knew who was watching over her. It was the ship's steward, Maldwyn.

On the night of June 15 at about 10:15, Christine Gosselle was visited to death in the lobby of the Shelbourne Hotel. The assassin was Maldwyn, and he made no attempt to get away or to hide his guilt.

He declared that he was deeply in love with Christine, and that probably had caused him to kill her. He said that he was quite willing to pay with his life.

He did. Dennis George Maldwyn was hanged in London in September, 1943.

Nobody will ever know the real nature of the killer of Countess Skarbeck. Maldwyn alleged, and maintained, that he thrust a dagger into her chest in a mad fit of jealousy. But other facts adduced by the police made it seem possible that there were political reasons behind the assassination—possibly espionage had determined upon her destination, for she had made many enemies during the war and after.

In her life, Krystyna Gysdal, who became Countess Skarbeck, and later Christine Gosselle and Jacqueline Armand, did an amazing job, sailing for coverage of the highest order.

Winston Churchill personally praised and thanked her for her services in the Allied cause.



THEY CHANGED THEIR FINGERPRINTS

In two people have identical fingerprints, but fingerprinting is not infallible, as some experts have proved.

J. E. WESTERFIELD

ACCORDING to all known facts there are no two people in the world who have identical fingerprints. To be exact, there is one chance in 400,000,000,000 that any two persons could have identical fingerprints, and that's a conservative guess. This means it would take 400 impressions to produce two identical fingerprints. At this rate mistakes would have to fingerprint everyone in the world for 4,000 years before there'd find two fingerprints that coincide.

Students of fingerprinting have not seem to agree as to the origins of fingerprinting as a means of identification. Some say the Greeks and Egyptians used fingerprints in clay as a means of "signing" official documents, but most authorities trace the first use of fingerprints to the Hindus of India. On sealing a contract, the Hindus would dip their fingers in ink and press them upon the paper. Although this process had been going on for centuries it was not until Sir William Herschel became census and investigated, that the police world learned of fingerprints. Sir William, a high chief administrator of the colonial police force in Bengal, India, learned that the Hindus regarded their "finger-signature" as a means of identifi-

cation. He quickly saw its merit and last no time in starting to use the system in his bureau.

While Sir William knew that all fingerprints were different, he was not sure of their classification, and, without classification, he knew it would only be a matter of time before he would have more fingerprints on the file than he could keep track of. In answer to his queries a Scotland Yard official sent him a yellowed book on fingerprinting. It had long since been forgotten by the " Yard," and because it was written in Latin, no one regarded it seriously.

Sent to London for translation the book came back not a book at all, but a thick written by Bohemian scientist, Jean Perkin. He had read the book in the original Latin in 1858, at the University of Berlin. Parkinson stated that he had found nine standard types of impressions that he believed were a practical means of classification. Delighted with the results of his research, Sir William convened Sir Edward Richard Henry, Scotland Yard Chief at the time, that fingerprinting should be made a universal police practice.

Sir Edward recalled that Sir Francis Galton had for years been urging the Yard to adopt his system of fingerprint identification. Upon reviewing Sir Francis' work, he found the basis of a system for classifying fingerprints. By making a few modifications Sir Edward reduced all fingerprints to four primary groups we use today: loops, in which none of the lines make a complete circle; whorls, where no backward turn occurs on the ridge traversing the finger; whorls, in which the lines make at least one complete circle; and crosses, which include the features

of all the aforementioned and are still distinctive.

There are subdivisions of all of these types, which permit the fingerprint analyst to read each print as a distinct classification.

Although the fingerprint system was adopted by the police of England and Wales in 1891, it took almost twenty years for it to take firm root in the United States. Chicago and St. Louis were among the first to put the system to work as early as 1904.

In the early thirties the Federal Bureau of Investigation started to round up fingerprints throughout the country in an effort to establish a national clearing house. By 1931 the FBI had 4,500,000 fingerprints on file, was removing 4,000 a day, and could locate any print with a mechanical aid within two and a half minutes. Up until the war more than 40 per cent of the fingerprints received by the FBI were those of ex-cons, and more than 400 crooks were being identified each month through the FBI.

Every local police station in the United States files its fingerprints with the FBI in Washington. If a crook, caught in New York, was once arrested in Alabama, the FBI will have Alabama's fingerprints on its file and they will tally with those sent in by the New York Police. Such information can be sent by mail, radio, teletype, or telephone by merely sending the classification.

In addition to tracing criminals, the FBI keeps the fingerprints of law-abiding citizens and stores. If you become a member of Uncle Sam's armed forces, you will be filed with the FBI.

A. Edgar Hoover, FBI chief, would like to see everyone in the

United States fingerprinted for he knew it would make his job a lot easier and the public a lot happier. For example, each year 40,000 persons die unidentified.

Despite the fact that fingerprints are never duplicated in a lifetime, there have been a few ingenious crooks who have been able to change their fingerprints or plant another's fingerprints at the scene of a crime. While these cases are few and far between, they do show that the fingerprint system is not infallible. One of the most successful of these fingerprint forgers was Antonio Cottone. For years he had roamed Portugal as a swindler, con artist, and general all-around crook. He had been arrested dozens of times, but each time he got off with the plea that he was a first offender.

Finally he was arrested in 1923. Upon investigating his record the police discovered that descriptions talked but the fingerprints didn't. They looked the widely promising Antonio in a cell and watched him without his knowledge.

A few days later he gave his watchers a startling performance in the art of fingerprint forgery. By means of a pin he painstakingly pricked fine holes in his fingerprints, and then filled them with melted wax from the candle in his cell. He thus created a brand new set of fingerprints each time he was arrested.

During the Great Gangster Era in U.S.A. there was much talk about certain select members of organizations resorting to plastic surgery to change not only facial characteristics but fingerprints. "Machine Jack" Kahan, a pink-marked Chicago gangster had a new skin grafted on to his fingers in order to avoid detection. Police

also have on record the case of two bank robbers who had so altered their fingerprints that only experts realized when they were fingerprinted.

Dr. Leontine Ribeiro, addressing the Academy of Medicine in Paris in 1912, declared "Fingerprints are not always trustworthy. Age and physical development have been known to change them." Dr. Leonard Keeler, noted Chicago criminologist, has said: "Changing the size of fingerprints is possible." He explains that the data would have to be taken from another part of the patient's body and grafted on to the fingerprints. Evidence of the operation would be plain, but of course the change in the fingerprints would be permanent and porous prints would become worthless.

A New York surgeon explains that it would not even be necessary to operate on a major scale.

"Nothing is simpler to remove than the plastic lines on the finger," he observed. "The superficial layer of the skin is peeled off under anesthesia and the lines prised out. A thin skin would remain, but it would be impossible to tell that it had been caused by a knife. A week or ten days would be required for healing. The pain would be slight. But once removed, lines or any other lines, would never be impressed on the fingerprints. They would be virtually smooth."

However effective these tricks have been the police are still too jumpy ahead of anyone who thinks he can beat a rap by altering the tips of his digits. In the first place anybody who practices with a set of smooth fingerprints will invariably arrest suspicion. Furthermore the police will print his whole palm if his fingerprints have

too many suspicious alterations.

Dr. Jacques W. Mednick once told New York fingerprint schools that fingerprints can't be destroyed by intense scars or burns less than third degree. "But it is true to suspect in a capital case that he might subject himself to a third degree burn. Such a device would be made by taking the imprint of the whole palm instead of just the last phalanges of each digit."

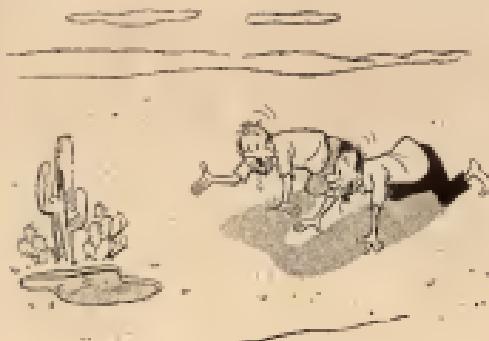
Another factor which has made fingerprint forgery a thing of the past is the advance made in the art of fingerprint techniques. Every court in the world will accept the testimony of a qualified fingerprint expert, and for good reason. Few people are thoroughly fingerprinted. All ten fingers are printed, and each hand in recent years crooks would switch fingers leaving the fingerprints of one entire hand.

In 1928 Dr. E. M. Edmon of New York developed a method of

taking fingerprints from cloth, paper, gloves, and similar substances.

Since industrial fingerprinting has come into vogue, it has been discovered that there are types of persons whose fingerprints do not register. This is due to a phenomenon known as "Industrial Fingers," which means that the type of work engaged in by the worker results in a smoothing of the lines and skin to such a degree that they do not "print" on contact. A special type ink is being experimented with to take the prints of such persons.

Then, too, there has been recently discovered by means of the same new system of industrial printing the amazing fact that people exist whose prints are so fine, and the lines so close together, that they are to all intents and purposes, perfectly smooth.



"This is the place I was telling you about."

PATTERNS OF PULCHITUDE



*Dressed for a
holiday on the farm.*



*This pattern dress
goes with anything.*



T2 CAVALCADE, February, 1955



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TEEN-AGE FREEDOM

a threat to marriage

In an atomic world the only courageous role is our opposition to marriage. Today the freedom of the sexes in their teens adds much to the problem.

BROWNING THOMPSON

WHEN a wife stood in the snow wrapped in her ragged shawl, waiting for her drunken husband to lurch out of the pub so that she could remind him of his starving children, drunk was the symbol of all affected main cause of broken homes. The period was something less than a hundred years ago, and studying the details of that time, with her ground-length skirt, her blouse and her demand to be treated as a fragile vase, it is no wonder the men went off to the pub.

Popularly there were the "good old days." Conventions were rigid, morality strict, divorce was a rare occurrence and a deep disgrace. Society, for just a little while, made a fetish of responsibility and it was only holding maps of the people for even less of the time.

The strictly moral era was the period of the child manager to dazzlingly commercialized that even the weirded-down picture of it in "Tuney By daylight" makes bad reading for the broad-minded. This age of morality spawned

Bryson's daring intrusions, the sado-masochistic spectacles of the Wilde era, and the drug addiction of men like Francois Thompson and Coleridge. Responsibility was the front, immorality was behind the facade, probably no better or worse than it is today.

So drink was offered to be the major, if not the sole, cause of broken homes. But today wives drink too; or if they do not, expect their husbands to do so, in or out of the home. Times have changed. Then, wives were prepared for their husbands to be undependable, and were prepared to overlook it rather than face fact among their friends. Since then women have learned that they have claws and can use them. Today they are not prepared for their husbands to be undependable, but they are prepared to admit it, talk about it, and take the consequences in publicity.

All this has brought marriage at a level of frankness which, healthy enough on the one hand, is full of horrors on the other. It is not nearly as easy today as it was

*The material in this article is a symposium of fact and modern opinion; it does not necessarily reflect the views of CAVALLADE.

sixty years ago to make a happy marriage.

Being a good provider and maintaining the conventional and accepting the conventions into the conspiracy of what used to be called "a happy woman" just doesn't go any more. Women have gained a lot of freedom, and men have lost certain distinctly undemocratic tendencies in proportion.

The wife-and-mistress hypothesis isn't as easy as it was. And the wife-and-husband relationship is harder.

The pioneer of the modern attitude for women lived forty years before the turn of the century and never has received the credit for the synthesis of her views.

She was Isabella, wife of Sir Richard Burton, Explorer Burton, a wild, gipsy-blooded, world-roving giant of a man who had no time for conventions, or even for protocol or common sense, grew up to look on women as his theunting or the miming of his hat, and had women of every nation he visited ready to follow him willingly.

Birk Burton took his life in his hands by impersonating a Moslem pilgrim and penetrating the holiest place in Mecca. He attracted sympathy by turned a huge bribe for a State dinner, when Brazil had a king. Worse, he learned Arabic and read the "Arabian Nights" in their unexpurgated form.

Any woman who married him was plain crazy. But not only did Isabella Arneaud marry him—she kept him on a tight lead, and kept him a devoted and dutiful husband. She treated him to better effect than Delia named Europa.

Her recipe she handed it out in a single and particularly sacrosanct sentence. "A husband should

and is a wife whom he expects to find in his mistress."

That wasn't at all the kind of thing for a Victorian woman to say. Her implications were subversive, defiant, and probably, to the mind of the time, incestuous.

For Isabella Burton cheerfully depicted the typical role of a Victorian wife under the inspiration of her wild-spirited husband: she wasn't prepared to run a girls' tea-party while Dick Burton lived gaily with another woman. If he was going to have fun with a woman, the woman was going to be Isabella, his wife.

The marriage was a lasting and successful one. Burton went away on explorations, and Isabella grit teeth to look back quickly enough. One of his biographers said, "He didn't whine; he didn't have to do so."

The entire marriage was a amazingly enlightened and successful one, but a little outrenght. The Burtons weren't exactly as worried about the outrage, if any, as they were about their own happiness. They lived triumphantly.

As this happened eighty years ago, and as everything else in the world has changed since then, it would be expected that the slogan that "a man finds in his wife what he expects in his mistress" would have become a principle for successful marriage long ago.

But the evolution of marriage is lagging so badly that the basic, the oldest social unit men know, may easily be threatened by the uncertainty which men and women feel about it today.

Recent cases express this uncertainty.

Case A is that of a marriage that piled up because the husband and wife agreed not to have children—"the future is so uncertain,"

and is a wife whom he expects to find in his mistress."

Case B is that of a marriage which hangs together on dried threads of bad temper because a wife wants a child but her husband says they can't afford it. They own their home, their car, and have twice the basic wage as weekly income.

Case C is that of a young married couple both of whom work and live their own lives and who can't have children because they would be "laid down".

Case D is that of a husband who believes that woman's place is in the home, even on the golf course. He (or strictly speaking his wife)

has three children. They are all born golf scores first.

Case E is that of a woman who can only be called house proud, and who never tires of telling her family how she is a slave for them. A willing slave, of course, but a slave. Maybe they are beginning to take her at her own valuation—they regard her and treat her as somebody to be spared, which is just what she is asking for.

One suspects that in all these cases, neither party has grown up, mentally, or emotionally.

There is something so peculiar



"I guess the honeymoon is over! You just left me!"

as to be almost abnormal in the way those people shy away from children. There is something completely pathetic—or psychopathological—about their indifference (one Dr. and their wife) to the child.

None of the wives are "mis-tresses" to their husbands; none of the husbands "find what they expect" in their wives. And on both sides there is a bitterness of disillusion, disillusionment.

The adolescent approach to the relationship between men and women sets the pattern for sexual roles. Once the pattern is established it dominates life; it is hard, next would say impossible, to change.

The famous American woman writer, Edith Wharton, drew a most interesting comparison between French and American handling of the sex-relationship situation:

"In America there is complete freedom of relationship between boys and girls, but not between men and women; and there is a general notion that, in America, a girl and a woman are the same thing. It is true, in essentials, that a boy and a man are very much the same thing; but a girl and a woman—married women—are totally different beings. Marriage unites a man, completes and transforms a woman's character, her point of view, her sense of the relative importance of things, far more thoroughly than a boy's nature is changed by the same experience. A girl is only a child—a woman is the finished picture. And it is only the married woman who counts as a social factor."

"In America the woman, on the immense majority of cases, has roamed through life in absolute freedom of association with young men until the day when the restraining net of her own experi-

ence by marriage puts her in a position to become a social inferior; and from that day she is cut off from man's society in all but the most formal and aristocratic ways. On her wedding day she ceases, in any open frank and recognisable manner, to be an honour in the lives of the men of the community to which she belongs."

In France the case is just the contrary. France, like this, has kept young girls under restrictions of which Americans have often envied, and which have certainly, in some respects, been a bar to their growth. The French have always recognised that, as a social factor, a woman doesn't count until she is married, and the married woman always has had extraordinary social freedom."

It is a good while ago Edith Wharton wrote that: "It is still a true statement; it is worth quoting because the American viewpoint has become the viewpoint of the English-speaking people, and there are points everywhere to tell of the disastrous effect of too much freedom among young people on their married future."

The complete freedom with which boys and girls mix from an early age is probably a delightful thing, but among the drawbacks are the over-domination of one sex with the other all the time.

There is no special pleasure attached to the leveller view if you see it every day and the women who get to see the male as they are can and besides, who wear short semi-transparent sparkling costumes, and who dive and take a "heavy petting" session as part of a night's programme, are making themselves into a "view seen every day". They can hardly expect to remain highly desirable

and glamorous.

But there is another point. It is that the extraordinary freedom of both sexes when young, with its round of different "dates" nightly or weekly, makes both men and women "romantic" in their enjoyment of new things. It is a big thing to ask a man who has enjoyed equally the company of fifty, seventy, maybe a hundred girls, suddenly to stick to one.

The situation is no different with a young woman who, from early teens, has been chased (and maybe caught) by a number of different boys of men. She, too, has a habit pattern which disposes her to grow tired of one man's company.

But worse, the enjoyment of complete inter-sexual freedom is accompanied by a constant desire, far in proportion as reliance between the sexes has been cut aside, more and more emphasis has been placed on romance. Women doing household chores are palled with Prince Charming situations whatever they turn. And while their actual living has been

stripped down to dangerous and uninteresting reality, the idea of a career, bigger romance is being "aided" to them every day.

The emphasis is blithely and startlingly on sex—a disturbing, dissatisfied, wondering kind of sex curiosity not so to what we all about, just as to whether in some other organisations it might be more enjoyable.

There seems to be a blind acceptance of the idea that, sooner or later, every man and woman who meet, are going to get their relationship down to a physical basis. Well, people don't usually act above their ideas, and a relationship that commences on the presumption that it is going to and physically, probably will.

But there are other social relationships between men and women. Frank, friendly associations, business interests, hobby interests, general exchange of ideas, social mingling which has not a "romantic" or so unacceptable connotation.

The cynical would-be Don Juan



is entitled to a never-past-best; yet he is the first to admit that the lowest form of this is one who makes a play for his friend's wife. In other words, though he expects some type of conquest with the women he meets, he always expects his own wife to be an exception—which means that he expects normal non-sexual social behaviour in her and in his friends.

If he is not prepared to work on his marriage along sound, grown-up lines, he may be very disappointed some time. Because the psychologists have a lot of evidence for their story that the man-chasers and woman-chasers are dissatisfied and that satisfaction and fidelity go together,

The complications which have made modern marriage a more difficult proposition than it was in former years, make it pretty plain that we are past the stage where divorce is a frank admission that two people made a mistake and are big enough to admit it.

Maybe that noble theoretical attitude never was quite so honest as it sounds very few. If any, divorcees have ever been sought or courted in such rare atmosphere. But that kind of thing is much rarer to me than all the bitterness and disappointment and active hatred which, if truth were told, would be expressed.

Given the benefit of the doubt in the rare exception, my theory are such divorcees they are rare. And even they, with the vast majority of divorce petitions, are not so much barren, drab admissions, as miserable confessions of failure.

A lot of people who affect the attitude that it is quite smart to be divorced, would nevertheless have to be dubbed as failures. Judged on the standard of success

in its particular field, any marriage which does not hold together is a failure.

Success, as in any other field, comes in marriage only as a result of trying. The cards were stacked against Isabella Arundel when she married Richard Burton; but she made a success because she was prepared to devote some effort to the proposition.

A marriage counsellor in Australia said that a great many marriages in danger of collapse were patched up simply by advising people how to make an effort to save them. The counsellor expressed surprise that so many supposedly adult people, as soon as they were faced with difficulties, "gave the game away".

"Where do they get the idea," the counsellor asked, "that once a newly married couple have a difficulty or a disagreement, their marriage is, as they say, all washed up?"

A solicitor with a divorce practice said that he received a surprising number of enquiries from people who had complaints about their marriage all right—but the complaints did not constitute any grounds for divorce at all. Some of the clients weren't happy to learn that they couldn't sue for divorce on the pretence that they were irritated and rarely treated. Is that important? It is, consider as it shows how slimy must be the marriage which people want to attention on such slight grounds.

"The trouble with the tools is," said the lawyer, "that they don't realize that differences of opinion, displays of bad temper, the occasional drunkenness of a husband, and the trivial forgetfulness and accidents of everyday life, are a normal part of living, and nothing for understanding and adjustment.

They don't take their marriage partnership seriously enough." He added, "The basis of a good and loyal relationship is nothing more nor less than plain respect."

It does not come as any surprise to students of the subject that neglect is a major cause of discontent. Yet that is probably more or less than the truth. Added to the facts already established, that men have been used to a variety of women in their single days, and women have been used to the attentions of many men, the conduct of the post-wedding days is a particularly strong factor, especially to the women.

They have had plenty of boyfriends they have been taken out and given gifts, called up on the telephone, chased, wrangled. After

they are married they are turned over to domestic duties, left alone at home all day, and are supposed not to flirt with other men because that is being unfaithful, at least in principle.

Left alone, they naturally miss the courting attention, the little gifts, signs of love and attention, which they have been educated to expect. They would be less than human if they didn't take one of two attitudes—either to go out seeking further attractions, or to become extremely discontented. The only course that can save that situation developing is for a husband to remember to pay his wife the attention she has become accustomed to.

It does not mean that he is buying her favours with a price, but



+Remember — IT takes work!

simplly that he continues to reassure her, after marriage, that he loves her as much as he did before.

Women, during courtship, feel that they hold the whip hand, by virtue of the fact that the man wants them, is chasing them, and will go to great lengths to attain his objective. All the time she remains unmurmured, the woman has the power to leave him about, and is thus assured of attention.

After she is married, however, the man has completed the chase and made the capture. Now she is aware of it than the woman, who is the person captured. And she becomes subconsciously aware that now she is caught, the man has less reason to pursue her than he had before. Consequently her feeling of content is not a simple whim or a feeling that she is entitled to love her on her husband; it goes deeper than that; it is a feeling of security. It is a feeling that, having surrendered to him, she now has no way in which to hold him. The thought may not even be a conscious one. Many a woman who is feeling assure, frightened of losing her man, would hotly deny the truth. She knows that the "romance has gone out of marriage," but she is not aware of the reasons why.

This is the precise point at which modern marriage, particularly, is tested. Feeling insecure, the woman instinctively remembers that she caused her man by luring him in, by being hard to get. She often she sees a repeat performance, and almost always it fails. It has to fail, because she cannot duplicate the basic position of courtship days—that he wanted something he hasn't got. A lot of feminine wiles, hoodwink, and other forms of indiscretion are the subtext; they are the married

way of being hard to get. They are supposed to awaken in a husband feelings of deep sympathy. They are supposed to "lead him on" again. But the husband, having secured his wife, doesn't expect to be led on again. He begins to wonder why a woman who before marriage was eager to see him, always happy when with him, and completely healthy, should, in a short time, become indifferent to him, be nearly worn out the time, and for no apparent reason begin to show signs of minor ailments she never had before.

He cannot but suspect to realize the simple answer—she is seeking to reapture his lost attention.

Where a normal family life develops, the dependences of the children give the woman something of the feeling of importance she craves and because of them some of the feeling of security comes back. The man can hardly afford to lose her, because somebody has to look after the children, and they become new signs of her security. Necessary again, she is happy again. She also feels now that, because of what it would cost him in alimony or maintenance, the man cannot financially afford to run away.

But that security is only part of the story; it is only a substitute for what she really wants—the conviction that her husband could not do without her because she is herself.

There are many and thoughtless bits of advice doled out to husbands about this. It is hinted that a man can put things right for the price of a bunch of flowers on Friday night. Well, a bunch of flowers helps, say might, but women aren't so easily lulled.

The fact is that while a woman expects a man to need her after

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marriage, to pursue her life he did before, she will not be satisfied with a permit which consists of flowers on Friday night and a peck on the cheek when he goes out in the morning. She wants his attention to culminate in a mutual expression of affection, as they should, and the vanity him to make love to her just as much as to want the satisfaction of a woman's entrance. It is possible that the highest meanings of physical love have been undervalued, or even lost sight of, or were never realized, by many of the people whose marriages fall apart. Experience of marriage and the things that spur them show clearly that a marriage cannot last if it is founded on physical attraction alone. But they show equally that a marriage cannot last if physical attraction is not present to a degree which is mutually satisfying to both parties.

Both Wharton pointed out ("French Ways and Their Meanings") that the Frenchwoman who is kept in cloistered security as a girl, matures rapidly in womanhood. But she pointed out that that mature woman, now a wife, enjoys freedom, complete and unhampered, among men; that she also enters fully into her husband's interests.

The English husband is armed, by a kind of open secret understanding, that he couldn't bear his wife with the office. That is most British husbands; but once in a while the highly successful man pays a tribute to his wife—and how she helped, not only in the house duties but in his business. Once in a while the husband says he can't stand his wife, but the husband who appreciates it, can—end do-spell salvation to the divorce mechanism.

I regard this as the perfectly normal thing for a wife to do. For she is brought up to realize that she must be a satisfactory lover, and she must be an intelligent help in her husband's career or business as well. She does not expect to be pampered and kept in idleness. She expects to share her husband's problems, even take charge of his bookkeeping, or advise in his business. And her visibility as a wife is increased by the fact that she is reported to her husband's success. So, at this time, she has reason to feel marvaled. She has a new way of holding her husband's interest. She is given the opportunity of being "in the know" as far as his life is concerned. And outside of the physical love life they share she has other strings on him—they have mutual interests, reasons for staying together.

Mutual interests doesn't mean each one creating himself while the other one creates herself. It means the mutual delight in common interests—the pleasure of doing things together.

It adds up to one situation, one problem, one answer. The situation that it is harder today to make marriage a success. The problem, how to do so in modern-day conditions; the answer, that marriage, like any other job, has to be worked on, by both parties. It is not a romantic dream. It is not a sexual partnership; it is not a bookkeeping business; it is not exchanging money earned for home comforts; a hard way of getting food and lodgings. It is a partnership, physical, mental, spiritual, business.

But the wife who follows Isabelle Armand's dictum, and the husband who appreciates it, can—and do—spell salvation to the divorce mechanism.

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HORMONES— make or mar men

A summary of human glands and
the food or ill that comes from
having too much or too little
activity from each.

By DR. GLEN WILLARD

ON a Friday night Bernie shot a 74-year-old farmer. On Saturday afternoon he killed a man in Lincoln Park. On Monday his bullets killed a park policeman. Later that day he shot down his pal. When arrested after the four-day murder spree Bernie was calm.

"That old man appealed to me—I hate violence," he remarked about his first victim.

"Why did you kill the man in the park?"

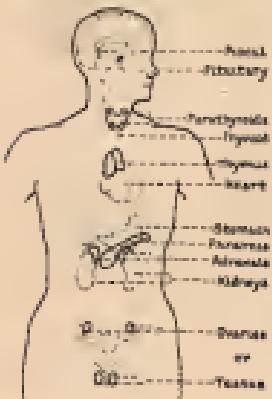
"I tell him it's a mistake. He gets wine and starts snapping, so I shoot him. Watcha expect me to do?"

About the park policeman, he said, "He tries to get me—no copper does that to ol' Bernie. I aim for his forehead. I shoot him. That's his tough luck."

When the death sentence was read to him, Bernie scowled at the judge. "To hell with you. I can take it."

Bernie was an "endocrine criminal." He was a victim of his malfunctioning hormone glands. Had he been examined and treated at an early stage, he might, barring other complications, have been a useful member of society today.

The idea of placing the master rap on a bodily deficiency dates back to the beginning of the nineteenth century. The first attempt was the pseudoscientific method of



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"hormone" on the hand with the individual's personality. But physicians did not believe the science of modern endocrinology. A purely scientific approach was needed and endocrinology seemed to fill the bill. The trouble was deeper than bumps on the hand—it went down to the secret places of the body, deep inside.

Popularly, endocrinology is usually associated with transplantation of "monkey glands" to restore virility, with insulin injection for diabetes, with estrogen cream for beautifying the face.

Earlier this year British Professor Ernest H. Barber of the University of Nottingham declared that a number of men working in laboratories manufacturing female sex hormones are developing secondary feminine characteristics.

Said Professor Barber: "In handling these products numbers of young men in full manhood have developed a feminine kind of fat and at the same time they completely lose interest in women."

He warned that hormones can alter completely the appearance and behaviour of humans, and cautioned against the use of hormones in beauty preparations.

There is as yet no scientific support of Professor Barber's claims. But recent studies do show that hormones can play a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde game. One thing is certain and cannot be stressed too strongly:

You as a woman are gambling with your life if you take hormone injections except under the strict supervision of a competent doctor.

Endocrinology, the science of hormones, shows that without the hormones discharged into our bloodstream life would not be possible. Mixed with the blood in a perfectly balanced proportion, hormones are vital to normal functioning, but if that delicate balance is upset by only 1/100th grain (1/760,000th of a pound) these living glands transform form into glands either in excess or a deficiency of these mysterious chemicals can transform a normal person into a hormonal monster. Bodily chemistry is controlled by eight glands—pituitary, parathyroid, thyroids, thymus, pancreas, reproductive and sex glands. The glands are interconnected in two ways, by the blood stream and by the sympathetic nervous system.

Although each gland is a separate organ, the double interconnection makes the problem of hormones very ticklish. A slight overproduction of one hormone or a minute deficiency of another throws other glands off balance. On top of that delicate inter-action, there is the sympathetic that can stimulate or retard a gland as a result of an outside situation.

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the street. The sound is automatically interpreted by your unconscious mind as Danger. The sympathetic stimulates your supraorbital which discharge adrenaline into your bloodstream. The adrenaline boosts the heart action. This gives the sensation of tightness in your throat. The adrenal hormone also makes the pituitary gland discharge an extra amount of pitressin that raises your blood pressure and contracts the involuntary muscles. Stimulated by the pituitary hormone, the thyroid will discharge thyroxin which will speed up the oxidation or fuel burning process of your body. Thus your body gets ready for action. A similar chain reaction follows a visual sex stimulus. The sex glands will respond by stimulating the entire endocrinical system in anticipation of a sexual act.

When the emergency is over and the sex stimulus is removed, the hormone production tapers off to normal without any harmful after-effects. It is when the over-secretion of a hormone persists that the balance is upset and the fireworks start. Just what causes the upset in the hormone workers we don't really know, but we do know that things happen fast when one of our glands goes on the brain. The result can be disastrous. One hundredth grain of thyroxine is the amount necessary for normal functioning, but if the output of the thyroid gland increases and that increase persists, you get angry, cannot relax and just develop insomnia. A little later you become moody, worried and anxious. You feel as though something compelled you to go on without rest. You begin to lose weight and you may have a feeling of dizziness. You find it difficult to digest food.

If this condition is not spotted and treated, the hypothyroid individual will simply waste away and die. Very often, as in the case of Mary W., the high tension may drive the victim into suicide.

Mary W. had a normal childhood, was graduated from high school and got a job as a clerk. Slowly she became irritable and complained to friends of being afraid without reason. She lost her job. She became irascible, and was arrested for prostitution, served time and was paroled. She married a man ten years her senior, retaining the right at the same time to "live her own life." She got into further trouble and was arrested again.

Parked again, she moved from town to town, sometimes holding jobs, but mostly subsisting by prostitution. Finally she found a job as a waitress in a watermelon grove where she met a young dope pedler. They were planning to skip the country together when they were arrested and she was brought to a mental hospital for psychiatric observation. Medical examination disclosed overactivity of the thyroid gland. She didn't need coal — she needed boron.

If the thyrotoxic gland does not shrink and disappear as its individual nature, active treatment may result. The presence of the gland after maturity means that the development of the sex glands has been arrested and that the victim is predisposed to other effects.

"A study of twenty murderers showed that seventeen of them had an enlarged thymus," said Dr. L. Barr, a famous criminologist. "The thymus suffers well. It ranks as the drug addicts and the killers among gangsters."

To illustrate, Dr. Berg quoted

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one history "Riddie Baker as a child was a bad witter and a biter. He frequently stole from his mother's purse. At sixteen he was sent to a reformatory for burglary with a gun. The guards called him Angel Face until he attacked one and beat him almost to death. Released at eighteen, Riddie became a drunk addict and a member of a notorious gang. He shot down a rival in broad daylight and was captured after a running gun battle. At the trial he showed no emotion when sentenced to death. Slumped down in the electric chair, he monotonously urged the warder to get it over with. An autopsy revealed a large thymus gland."

The thymus male is unsophisticated, small-minded, belligerent. The female has thin skin, is narrow-chested and fast-breasted. Their physical inferiority prompts them to drug addiction and other excesses.

Adrenalin, the hormone of the suprarenal glands, when in prolonged excess, causes attacks of hypertension, makes a man aggressive and pugnacious with a "clap on his shoulder" attitude. The adrenal types are apt to commit crimes of violence and see no reason to avoid them if provoked.

The much written, the second hormone produced by the suprarenals results in accelerating the maturation traits in both sexes. Men develop unusual muscular strength and become extremely virile. In

conjunction with adrenal overactivity these individuals commit attacks on women.

If the over-secretion of cortisol occurs in a female, she grows a beard, her voice deepens, her mental attitude becomes masculine in all cases of abnormal overactivity the period of over-stimulation is followed by a total breakdown, weakness, convulsions and death.

A slight over-secretion of the pituitary hormone makes a tall, physically well-developed man with a strong jaw, large teeth and hairy arms and legs. These men are highly intelligent and possess an ability to get things done. How narrow is the borderline between the normal and abnormal is seen in the dramatic change of both the physical appearance and personality when the pituitary limit is exceeded.

The limit varies with each individual, and when exceeded the hair disappears, the man loses direction and becomes moody, and unhappy in his love life.

Females suffering from over-secretion of pituitary have a smooth skin, high pitched voices and are extremely feminine. They seek thrills, move from place to place driven by "mysterious" desires, and often are drawn into crime.

Sex glands come into play with the disappearance of the thymus at puberty. If the major portion

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of the sex gland is destroyed by X-ray and the individual is rendered sterile, the internal secretory part of the gland continues to function and the sex behaviour is normal.

Over-secretion of the sex hormone is usually in co-operation with the thyroid. The over-active male is often driven to violence while the female becomes hysterical. Just as the over-secretion of hormones may shape a man into a thief or murderer, the hormone deficiency may have similar results.

The best known deficiency is that of the sex glands. The sexually deficient male lacks masculine development, his sex organs are small and his voice high pitched.

When the body overly boasting the pituitary gland arrests the proper growth of that gland, the individual suffers fromcretin disease. He grows fat, dull, is under-sized and irritable. He often suffers from obsession and compulsion. His mind, and his few inhibitions, are often seen in juvenile courts as an incriminating young criminal.

Pituitary deficiency combined with non-functioning of the thyroid has been found to be a cause of feeble-mindedness. Morons, imbeciles and idiots never reach the higher stage of intelligence development. Dr. Berg tells of a moron who, under the nose of escorting police officers, shot and killed a criminal being transported to trial.

"The player made no attempt to run," says Dr. Berg. "But granted he had been beaten he doubtless arrested him."

"The crimes of the feeble-minded are usually crimes of revolting violence," says Dr. Berg. "Tom Smith, a half-witted grocer-boy, was rejected as a suitor by his employer's daughter. One night he entered the grocer's bedroom and

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stabbed the man and his wife to death. He said he did it because he hoped to win the girl over the parents were "out of the way."

In sufficient output of adrenalin known as Addison disease, accounts for many cases of drug addiction. Victims try to compensate for their indolent feelings by drug taking. If the disease occurs in youth they are regarded as "problem children" who cannot adjust themselves to society and rapidly go down hill.

Joe M., now serving a life prison term, is an "adolescent criminal." In early childhood Joe was highly unstable and given to temper tantrums. In school he showed a marked meanness and lack of courage. In the seventh grade he joined a gang of juvenile hoodlums. When caught Joe expressed genuine regret for his crimes and repented to improve. Joe left school and was drawn into an adult gang.

Joe was arrested again, this time for petty larceny. Paroled, he was promptly arrested for armed robbery. Shortly after serving a sentence he was convicted of homicide.

Although endocrinology is still a young science there are methods of examination and treatment of glandular disturbances. An X-ray examination of Joe M. would have disclosed an enlarged thymus gland. Further treatment by X-rays could have destroyed the gland and Joe might have been restored to normal. Hormone deficiency is treated by hormone injections that restore the balance of body chemistry. The disadvantage is that injections must continue indefinitely or the individual will suffer a rapid relapse.

In search of a permanent cure in glandular deficiency, Dr. Vore

cell, famous chief surgeon of the Bonsai Hospital in Paris, France, organized the "monkey gland" transplantations. Primarily interested in restoring virility, Voronoff paved the way to further development.

Voronoff's treatment, although successful, was not generally accepted and it was not until last year that Dr. Greene, a prominent pathologist of Yale University, developed a better method.

Transplantations of sex, thyroid and adrenal glands have been made successfully, and the patients have reported normal functioning a year after operations.

The story is more complicated when a gland is over-stimulated. Sometimes part of the gland works overtime or removed by surgery. Often an injection of another hormone "breaks" the over-functioning gland into proper functioning. The science of endocrinology is progressing constantly and almost every day brings a new development; but the treatment of malfunctioning must be started early to be successful.

The biggest problem of endocrinology today is the endocrine criminal who is too far gone for successful treatment. Many prominent criminologists advocate drastic measures, such as castration. However, sociologists and religious

leaders argue that even the worst criminals can be made productive within prison walls and therefore should be spared. As a possible solution sterilization has been proposed, and sterilization laws have been passed by thirty of the United States. Advocates assume that sterilizing malfunctioning is hereditary, and by preventing known criminal criminals from procreating they believe future generations will have fewer criminals.

The first sterilization law passed in Indiana, U.S.A. in 1907 states that "persons suffering from mental disease, habitual criminals" and other people ought to be rendered sterile. The law is still in force and simple operations are still being performed.

In strong opposition to sterilization, Dr. Abraham Myerson of Boston, Mass., argues that if sterilization had been in force at the beginning of the nineteenth century many great Americans scientists and several Presidents would never have been born.

The ultimate solution of the problem lies in the prevention of endocrine crime through early castration rather than in dealing with the convicted criminal. On an average day last year a rape, a robbery or a manslaughter was committed in the United States every 46 minutes, and the

F.B.I. report shows a record of two million major crimes. Statistics also show that 60 per cent of prison inmates are sterilized, and need medical treatment rather than punishment. This means that with proper endocrinological facilities, one million, two hundred thousand major crimes could have been prevented last year, in the States, and a similar reduction in the crime bill could have been effected in every country in the world.

The other aspect of preventive criminology is that of the psychological criminal, whose misdeeds spring from a warped mind. It is a subject which probably doesn't belong properly to the story of hormones, and yet it may do so since the hormone balance of the body influences the mind.

Are there psychological drives and impulses which are not hereditary in origin? Frankly, we do not know for sure. The pure psychologist can trace the results of an experience on the mind—but has to admit that the same experience produces different results in different minds.

A disappointment is love drives one man to suicide and yet apparently does not affect another man at all. Why? Is it because of the chemical similarities of the two men and the way in which they vary? There are many answers to the question, and they all come from experts. That is the trouble—some of the answers may be right, some wrong.

But when we have one answer, and it is the right one, then we will be still nearer to controlling criminal impulses at their inception, and preventing some of the most terrible crimes in our civilization.

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Youth is a wonderful thing. But, as Bernard Shaw said, "What a pity to waste it on children."

Maybe there are some housewives who feel the same way at times because just about the time a woman becomes proficient enough to iron a man's shirt in half the time it took when she was a new bride, along comes a son and doubles the number of shirts she has to iron.

Some kids are really tough. In one place a voice shouted out at us as we walked along the footpath. "Hey, you! Where does this guy go?" Of course, we stopped and demanded who said that. The answer came immediately; "What's it to you?" Naturally, we were a little rattled, so we called out, "If you're so tough, come down and fight." There was a nervous laugh. "Me fight?" came the answer. "I can't even walk yet."

A noticeable thing about them is that they will spend hours in a swimming pool, yet you have to argue with them to spend ten minutes in the bath.

One lad walked into a shop for supererowith of hardware. On seeing that he got only a few, he asked the shopkeeper for a chocolate bar instead. Then he walked out of the shop with the chocolate and the response, "Hey," roared the

shopkeeper, "you haven't paid for the chocolate."

"But," said the kid, "I gave you the hardware for it."

"But you didn't pay for the hardware," roared the shopkeeper.

"Well," said the kid, "I didn't have them."

Of course, boys aren't the only offenders. Girls have a habit of embarrassing their parents in company. One girl used to her mother, while she was entertaining guests: "Mummy, is it true that we are made of dust?" And her mother said, "Yes, dear."

"Well, is it true that we go back to dust when we die?" asked the girl.

"Yes, dear."

"Well, Mummy, I just looked under the carpet and sometimes there is older carpet or going."

Finally, there was one kid who had a teacher who used to put on their galoshes for them before they left school on wet days. One day this kid told his teacher, after he had pulled the galoshes on to his feet, "You know, teacher, these aren't mine." So the teacher grabbed both of the galoshes and tugged them off his shoes. Then she asked, "Where are these galoshes?"

"They are my brother's," answered the kid, "but my mother makes me wear them."



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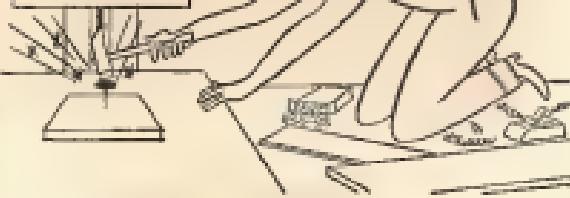
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